

THE STUDY CHRONICLE.



MIDSUMMER 1953



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The Study

SEAFORTH AVENUE - MONTREAL



Headmistress

Miss KATHARINE J. LAMONT, M.A.

Governors

MRS. DUDLEY THOMAS, *Chairman*

C. S. BRADEEN, *Esq.*

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MRS. CURZON DOBELL

MRS. PETER F. KERRIGAN

J. H. VALE, *Esq.*

MISS JANET INGHAM *Secretary-Treasurer*



School Representatives

Head Girl FAITH HEWARD

Sub-Head JOYCE KIRKPATRICK

Games Captain CYNTHIA BAIRD

Magazine Editor ELIZABETH VALE

Prefects

JUDITH DOBELL MARY McEACHRAN

ANNE HAYES DOROTHY MCINTOSH

FAITH HEWARD ANN POWELL

JOYCE KIRKPATRICK ELIZABETH VALE



Miss KATHARINE LAMONT

A LETTER TO THE GIRLS

Dear Girls:

The Board of Editors has informed me in tones politely firm that they would like a letter for this issue of the magazine on some usual subject. There is only one usual subject for a school magazine; this means in practice something connected with our corporate life within these walls. As you always seem so willing to be helpful, I shall borrow a subject from you.

During the winter term there was a list of essay topics on the board beside my open door and the voices of young people floated in. Almost everyone chose the same topic : almost nobody wrote on it. I have spent odd moments ever since wondering why it proved so hard to decide "What the Clock in the Hall Knows about The Study," and whether this contained some profound truth about ourselves. To the first part at least I would suggest an answer.

The clock in the hall, with its round and rather foolish face and its hands whose information is frequently inaccurate, does not know much about The Study. This is partly because it is a clock and partly because it is in the hall. A clock is a dead thing, in spite of the noise it makes, and a school—if it is to be anything at all—must be alive. Not only are the people in it usually fairly lively, but it is part of a larger community : to be cut off from the life of that community spells intellectual death. Its members are alive in a large and puzzling world, and while the old houses spread protecting walls around them and the certainties of the centuries are taught them within doors, the noise of the street cars comes in the windows and the currents of thought of the twentieth century must and should come with them. They are echoed in the sound of many voices, from the room where small people, who cannot read this article, ask the names of the letters of the alphabet to the room where the Sixth Form criticize authors and analyze ideologies.

None of this however takes place in the hall. It is our idiosyncracies that are displayed there, not our characteristics, and the little peculiarities of institutional life are not the things which matter. The clock sees the parade bearing overshoes and the trays of biscuits and milk. It sees the crowded stairway (which never does collapse) and the crowded table with its piles of books. It sees the lines of girls in tunics going it knows not where. No class-room arguments take place beneath it, no secrets are told there, no kindly counsel or help is given, though in these contacts of person with person and mind with mind, our true life consists. Nothing else in the place could know so little about us or understand so little what we are about. And it could not see the friendly welcome which all of you gave to a stranger, for which I thank you.

Katharine Lammot

EDITORIAL PAGE

"Alle is buxumnesse there, and booke for to rede and to lerne,
And great love and lykinge for each of hem loreth other."

Piers Plowman

EDITOR

ELIZABETH VALE

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

JUDITH DOBELL	ANN PEACOCK
BEVERLEY HASTINGS	ANN POWELL
FAITH HEWARD	MARY VAN ALSTYNE

PHOTOGRAPHY

DOROTHY JOHNSON, *editor*
CARLYN KRUGER, *photographer*

EDITORIAL

This is a year of great promise. With a new regime in Russia, an encouraging outlook in Korea and unity among free nations, surely we are not being too optimistic in hoping for world peace and prosperity. Since the end of World War II, more than seven years ago, the world has been longing and striving for peace. The efforts of the United Nations, which was established to insure that international differences would in the future be settled without war, were time and time again frustrated by the uncooperative attitude of the delegates from Communist countries. Now, however, with Malenkov at the head of the Soviet Union, there appears to be good reason to expect a change for the better. Indeed we have already witnessed the exchange of prisoners in Korea and the resumption of peace talks at Panmunjom, neither of which would have been possible without Russia's new policy of cooperation.

These are encouraging prospects for the second Elizabethan era, to be marked this year by all the pomp and ceremony of a coronation. When Queen Elizabeth II is crowned in Westminster Abbey, in the presence of many of her loyal subjects, the traditional ritual will be followed. The ceremonial which accompanies the coronation of a British sovereign is of very ancient origin, some parts of it having remained unchanged for a thousand years. One of the older and more historic objects used in the service is the Sword of Mercy, which has a pointless blade. Let us hope that the coronation will usher in that lasting peace of which this sword is symbolic and for which the world is eternally striving.



PREFECTS—*Sitting:* Faith Heward, Head Girl, Miss Lamont, Joyce Kirkpatrick, Sub-Head.
Standing: Judith Dobell, Mary McEachran, Elizabeth Vale, Ann Powell, Anne Hayes, Dorothy McIntosh.



FAITH HEWARD—1941-53

It seems fitting that the only member of the Sixth Form who has come all the way through the school should be our Head Girl. Faith is good at both sports and school work and is particularly interested in painting, at which she has her own definite technique. Horses too have always played an important part in her life and she is one of the best junior riders in Canada. Next year, Faith is going to college where she will specialize in History.

Activities:

Basketball Team '49-'53 Head Girl
 Prefect
 Head of Delta Beta '51-'53

JOYCE KIRKPATRICK—1950-53

Joyce has always been very interested in the theatre, and is active in both dramatics and ballet. She has acted in Summer Stock and has appeared on television in a gay and unusual jazz duet danced on toe! She has this year been a conscientious and efficient Sub-Head of the school. Although more serious than her twin, Joyce too is lively and full of fun and will make a success of the acting career which she intends to follow.

Activities:

Ski Team '52 Sub-Head
 Prefect
 Sub-Head of Beta Lambda '52-'53





ANN ADAIR—1945-'53

Throughout her school life, Ann has shown a great interest in both Art and Music. She always has a cheery smile for everyone and her sunny personality will be missed when she leaves The Study. Next year, Ann intends either to embark on a career in dress-designing or to enroll in a business college.



ANN BALLANTYNE—1946-'53

Imagination is one of Ann's greatest gifts. Her artistic nature finds expression in her ballet which she plans to continue studying in London next year, where she will also be studying for her Higher School Certificate. Her high standing in school subjects, especially in literature and in history, will help her to pass these exams.



CYNTHIA BAIRD—1949-'53

One of the many sports-minded Sixth-Formers, Cynthia has proven a capable and enthusiastic Games Captain this year. Her carefree, happy-go-lucky nature and her wonderful sense of humour have smoothed out difficulties on many occasions. Her future plans are uncertain, but she thinks she will take a business course next winter.

Activities:

Basket-ball Team '50-'53

Games Captain

Sub-Head and Games Captain
of Delta Beta '52-'53



JOYCE BLOND—1948-'53

Music is the centre of Joyce's life. With three hours of violin practice every night, we wonder how she finds time to study and to maintain her high standard in school work. Joyce has a practical nature and an objective outlook on life. Next year she hopes to go to McGill, but will, of course, go on with her music.

JUDITH DOBELL—1950-'53

Judy's first and last three years of school were spent at The Study. In between she went to New York, bringing back many ideas and enthusiasms from her American experience. She likes English, is good at maths, and loves people. Like her mother before her, she is a school prefect. Next year she intends to go back to the United States to spend her college years at Smith.

Prefect



ANNE HAYES—1945-'53

Anne's friendly nature and sensible outlook on life have made her a valuable member of the Sixth Form. She contributed a tremendous amount to the bazaar this year and has been indispensable in organizing the school activities. Anne hopes to go to Queen's University but will spend her first college year at McGill.

Prefect
Sub-Head of Kappa Rho

DOROTHY JOHNSON—1946-'53

Since Lower V, Dorothy has been an outstanding player on the First Basketball Team, playing both defence and shot. Her good sportsmanship and cheery nature will be missed when she leaves the school. Dorothy hopes to enter nursing at the Montreal General Hospital.

Activities:

Basketball Team '48-'53 Games Captain of
Tennis Team '50-'53 Kappa Rho '50-'52



JUDY KIRKPATRICK—1950-'53

Judy's breezy western informality and exuberant spirits would enliven any gathering. Her originality and ability to create striking designs make her one of the school's most promising artists, and her stained glass window, exhibited at Christmas, is considered one of the best works of art the school has produced. Judy will be studying at "L'Ecole des Beaux Arts" next year.

Activities:
Ski Team '52 Head of Beta Lambda '52-'53



MARY McEACHRAN 1949-'53

Mary's conscientious study has produced brilliant results in Mathematics. Not only does she do well at school work, but she is also good at sports and has won the friendship of both younger and older girls at school. Next year, Mary will be studying at Lausanne, Switzerland.

Activities:

Basketball Team '50-'53 Prefect
Tennis Team '52-'53 Head of Mu Gamma '52-'53
Ski Team '52



JUDITH McGREEVY 1944-'53

Judy is definitely destined to become an artist as she is one of the most outstanding art students at The Study. Apart from painting, Judy's interests include travelling, reading and working with children. Her friendliness and kindly interest in people make her an understanding friend. She plans to enroll in "L'Ecole des Beaux Arts" in the autumn, and hopes eventually to illustrate children's books.



DOROTHY McINTOSH—1947-'53

Dorothy is a capable organizer and a reliable and steady member of the Sixth Form. She enjoys working with people and gets on well with everyone. Dorothy is an outstanding tennis player and has been on the First Tennis Team for the past four years. She will be either at Dalhousie University or at McGill next year.

Activities:

Tennis Team '50-'53 Prefect



ANN PEACOCK 1951-'53

Although Ann joined us from England only last year, she has already left her impression on both the scolastic and the lighter sides of The Study life. Ann has the logic and clarity of mind which make her an excellent debater and public speaker. She has a busy life owing to her music and varied interests including outdoor activities and Guiding. Ann hopes eventually to enter Oxford University.

ANNE PITCHER—1950-'53

One of the quieter members of the Sixth Form, Anne takes a keen interest in people and school activities. Her mathematical ability has been a great help to us all in Sixth Form finances. Anne plans to be an Elementary School teacher, and is entering MacDonald College in the autumn.



ANN POWELL—1946-'53

Ann has a frank and open manner. She is talented in music, and has had the distinction of singing the parts of both Page and King in "Good King Wenceslas" at the Christmas closings. Good in sports and all her school subjects, Ann excels at languages and speaks French very well. Ann thinks she will go to McGill where she will specialize in French and English.

Activities:

Basketball Team	'52-'53	Prefect
Ski Team	'52-'53	Sub-Head of Kappa Rho '51-'52
		Head of Kappa Rho '52-'53

MYRA RIDDELL—1951-'53

This cheerful Scot has been at The Study only two years but her keen interest in people and practical outlook have found her a warm place in the school. Myra bounces happily through life and somehow manages to quell her fears before the weekly French test. She is very interested in sports and all forms of out-door life, and hopes to be able to take Physical Education at McGill.

Activities:

Basketball Team '52-'53



ELIZABETH VALE—1947-'53

Elizabeth has displayed both academic and athletic skill since her arrival in Lower Fourth. She has been a steady influence in the Sixth Form this year, and is quick and generous in offering advice. Elizabeth has been a conscientious and hard-working Editor of the magazine, and her ability to organize has made her an indispensable member of the form. She will enter either McGill in the fall.

Activities:

Basketball Team	'49-'53	Prefect
		Sub-Head and Games Captain of Mu Gamma '52-'53

TEACHING STAFF

Head Mistress

MISS KATHARINE LAMONT, B.A., M.A.
University of Toronto and Oxford University

MISS R. B. BLANCHARD, L.R.S.M., A.T.C.M.
Toronto Conservatory of Music

Singing

MISS HONOR H. CUMMING
Teacher's Certificate, Scottish Education Department

Lower III

MRS. J. G. DESTERNES
B. of Ed. Certificate (Portsmouth Training College, University of Reading) M.R.S.T.

French

MME. GAUDION
Brevet Supérieur, l'Université de Lille

French

MISS ELEANOR M. HARBERT, B.A., M.A.
University of Toronto and McGill University

Geography

MISS ANNE HORSFALL, B.A. (Oxon)

Science

MISS DAPHNE F. HUGHES
National Froebel Foundation Teaching Certificate

Upper B

MISS HAZEL M. JAMIESON
Infant Mistress and Nursery School Certificate, Scottish Education Department

Lower B

MISS M. B. MARSHALL, B.A., M.A.
Dalhousie University

Classics

MISS D. E. MOORE
McGill School of Physical Education

Drill, Dancing & Games

MISS MARGARET E. O'BRIEN, B.A., B.LITT.
Queen's University, Belfast, and Oxford University

English

MRS. G. E. REIFFENSTEIN, B.A.
Dalhousie University

Mathematics

MISS ETHEL SEATH
Member of the Canadian Group of Painters

Art

MISS JOAN F. SNYDER, B.A.
University of Toronto

History

MISS CONSTANCE F. STEWART
Infant Mistress and Nursery School Certificate, Scottish Education Department.
Diploma in Nursery School Education, Darlington Training College

Lower A

MISS MARY E. WOOD
National Froebel Foundation Teaching Certificate

Senior Mistress, Lower School

STAFF NOTES



Six new teachers were introduced into the school this year.

Miss Harvey retired last year after seventeen years as Headmistress of The Study. Although she is no longer on the staff, Miss Harvey continues to support school activities whenever she can, something which we appreciate all the more since she generously gives a great deal of her time to voluntary teaching at the Alexandra Children's Hospital. Our new Headmistress is Miss Lamont, who came to us from The Bishop Strachan School, where she was Head of the History Department. At The Study, Miss Lamont teaches History to the Upper School and Scripture to the Fourth Forms.

Miss Crook, now the Head of the girls' section of a co-educational school in England, has been replaced by Miss O'Brien, who came to us from Ireland. As well as teaching English, Miss O'Brien is in charge of Dramatics and has produced three most amusing plays during the year.

Mrs. Ryley, who was our History teacher for two years, is now devoting all her time to being a housewife. Miss Snyder has taken her place as Form Mistress of Lower IV and teaches History to the Middle School and Canadian History to the Sixth Form. Miss Indge, the Lower III teacher for seventeen years, retired last year. Miss Cumming, who is from Scotland, now introduces small girls to life in the Middle School, and also teaches Sewing.

In the Lower School, Miss Wood, from England, has come to take Miss Robinson's place as Senior Mistress. Lower A has been taken over from Mrs. Moore by Miss Stewart from Scotland.

I am sure that I am not alone in expressing the hope that the new staff have enjoyed their first year at The Study, and that those who are seeing Canada for the first time will have a pleasant and not too brief stay.

ANNE HAYES.



MY PRIDE, MY FOLLY

One of our former teachers has become a well-known author: Miss Suzanne Butler, who was Form Mistress of Upper B until 1950, and who used to delight us with plays written by herself and acted by her pupils, has just written a best-seller, "My Pride, My Folly." We congratulate her and wish her every success in her literary career.

HOUSE NOTES



MU GAMMA

Head	Mary McEachran
Sub-Head	Elizabeth Vale
Games Captain	Elizabeth Vale

Last year we once again captured the House Cup and we are keeping our fingers crossed this year. The whole house has worked hard to maintain the high standard which has brought us first place in both the Christmas and Easter terms. Helping us particularly were Lyn Evans and Marguerite L'Anglais.

Owing to illness, our basketball team had to be frequently changed and we did not do very well—in fact we came last! We were unable to come first in the volleyball, as we did last year, but we came a close second. We are hoping to come out victorious in the tennis finals to be played this spring when our team will meet Beta Lambda's.

For the past few years Mu Gamma has been a well balanced house whose members have shown much spirit and a keen interest in studies. Although we lost a number of girls last spring we welcomed our new members who have been an asset to our house.

We were sorry to say good-bye to Mrs. Ryley last year, but we welcomed Miss Snyder in her place. We appreciate the interest in house activities shown by both our house mistresses, Miss Horsfall and Miss Snyder. Mu Gamma has had a good year in all respects and we hope her success may continue.

MARY MCEACHRAN—ELIZABETH VALE.

KAPPA RHO

Head	ANN POWELL
Sub-Head	ANNE HAYES
Games Captain	MARY VAN ALSTYNE

Applause could be heard coming from the Geography room. Kappa Rho had won the volleyball! Our team, which starred Dorothy Johnson, Barbara Taylor, Mary van Alstyne and, surprisingly enough, Anne Hale from Lower Fourth, edged out Mu Gamma by a slight 3 points.

Unfortunately, although this also was very close, we lost the basketball to Delta Beta; however we have great hopes for next year. The basketball team was as follows:

Shots: Mary van Alstyne Susan Cushing Defence: Ann Powell Barbara Brown
Dorothy Johnson Lesley Gray Angela Cassils Deirdre Smart

Mary van Alstyne and Dorothy Johnson represented Kappa Rho in the tennis but were unable to defeat Mu Gamma's crack team.

As far as studies are concerned, Kappa Rho is in the distressing situation of coming second almost every week. At one point we had high hopes of defeating Mu Gamma for the term, who, however, came through with the staggering total of 95 excellents on the last day, which left us far behind.

A great deal of good hard work has been done by several house members. Anna Guthrie (what would we do without her?), Abigail MacInnes and Lesley Gray have distinguished themselves in this way. Also on the house honour role we should like to place Betty Gray for her wholehearted support of the house at all sports events and her unfailing house spirit.

A staggering number of Lower Thirds (six to be exact) entered our ranks this year, making us the largest house in the school. The majority of them has settled down well and become a definite help to the house.

Miss Marshall and Miss Harbert have, as always, been a great support not only to the house but to the officials as well. Miss Harbert, by the way, is to be congratulated on her fine display at sport's day last year. Rumour has it that she is already practising up for this year's race!

Those of us who are leaving wish Kappa Rho the best of luck in the coming years. We hope that you will continue to maintain the same high standard you have upheld this year.

ANN POWELL ANNE HAYES.

DELTA BETA

Head: Faith Heward — Sub: Head: Cynthia Baird — Games Captain: Cynthia Baird

This year we have attempted to bring our house mistresses in closer contact with their houses. Consequently, they have come not only to our closing meetings but have appeared frequently throughout the year. We hope that they have felt more a part of their houses.

Madame Gaudion and Miss O'Brien presided over our first meeting. Faith Heward was elected head of the house and Cynthia Baird was chosen sub-head and games captain. We welcomed Miss O'Brien as our new house mistress. She has been keenly interested in all our activities and her enthusiasm has encouraged us all. We were sorry to lose several Delta Betians last year, especially Joan Kimber, who for several years had been outstanding in school sports, but our many new girls have ably replaced those who have left.

As the magazine goes to print, we are waging a fierce battle with Beta Lambda for third place. We are determined not to be the worst house scholastically. Joan Dobson and Margaret Robertson have helped us all year with their many excellents. This year excellents have counted three points instead of two towards the house total. This change has encouraged members to maintain "plus" records which are beneficial to their house.

We are proud of the effort everyone has made towards winning the sports cup. Twenty-five points were gained by our basketball team, which won the round robin tournament. We felt the high spirit of our team was largely responsible for this victory:

<i>TEAM: Shots: Cynthia Baird</i>	<i>Defence: Sally Bradeen</i>
<i>Faith Heward</i>	<i>Joan Dobson</i>
<i>Daphne Wright</i>	<i>Diana Wright</i>

At Sports Day last year Delta Beta lost by a small margin to Beta Lambda. Daphne Wright's outstanding racing led us to an easy victory in the Swimming Meet. The house will be trying hard to win these events this year, for if we do, the Sports Cup will be ours!

We thank Madame Gaudion and Miss O'Brien for the advice and support they have given us. Madame Gaudion for years has been a driving force behind Delta Beta and Miss O'Brien has become, in no time at all, a part of the house. We, who are leaving, wish the house success in all its future activities. We feel sure you will continue to show the friendly and good spirit so characteristic of Delta Beta.

FAITH HEWARD—CYNTHIA BAIRD.

BETA LAMBDA

House Head: Judy Kirkpatrick. Sub-Head: Joyce Kirkpatrick. Games Captain: Prudence Reilley.

Our great and unexpected triumph in the summer term of last year was our victory over three houses on Sports Day. The Sports Cup has been coveted by Beta Lambda for the past year. What will happen this term? The unity and good sportsmanship which made this conquest possible are again evident in the spirit of Beta Lambda. The House meetings seem to have even more significance this year and all classes are taking a keen and genuine interest in helping the House progress.

Beta Lambda's ranks this year have been expanded by the addition of eight new girls. We extend a hearty welcome to them. Let us hope they will help boost our lagging scholastic standing. On our honor roll Hilary Thomas, Julian Fancott, and Ann Peacock are outstanding.

Although we all worked like the proverbial Trojans, Delta Beta gained the upper hand in the inter-House basket-ball matches. Our team members were:

<i>Shots: Pat Southam</i>	<i>Joyce Kirkpatrick</i>	<i>Defence: Myra Riddell</i>	<i>Hilary Thomas</i>
<i>Chella Cleveland</i>	<i>Judy Kirkpatrick</i>	<i>Prue Reilley</i>	<i>Heather McIntosh</i>
<i>Marilyn Maughan</i>			

We wish to extend a welcome and ours thanks to Miss Cumming, our new House Mistress, for showing such kind interest in all House events. We also thank Mrs. Rieffenstein for her enthusiastic support in our House activities. Mrs. Rieffenstein should here be given very honourable mention for her splendid action on Sports Day last year. Her fine sprinting form contributed greatly to our victory!

In conclusion, Many Thanks to all members of Beta Lambda for their full support and cooperation during the year.

JUDY and JOYCE KIRKPATRICK.

LOST CAUSES

(HUTCHISON ESSAY PRIZE)

If you were given the choice of climbing Mt. Everest or Mt. Royal, which would you choose? Do not forget, in making your decision, that Mt. Everest has never been climbed before and that climbing it would take the utmost skill and courage; and do not overlook the fact that climbing Mt. Royal demands very little courage and determination and is much safer. If you choose to climb Mt. Everest, then you will be willing to support a lost cause. For is not a lost cause some project that few believe can succeed but which usually does? Surely some day in the future Everest will be climbed just as so many projects which have been labelled "lost causes" have succeeded in the past.

If there were ever a lost cause, it would have seemed to be the fate of the thousands of men lining the beaches of Dunkirk. There was no reason why Hitler should not advance and wipe out the soldiers waiting there. Nobody knows why he did not advance or why the English Channel remained calm and foggy for three days, allowing the valiant Britishers in their little boats to carry the soldiers back to England. Perhaps it was a miracle, but perhaps it was the result of a courage that refused to believe that anything is impossible.

The indomitable Churchill refused to recognize the impossible. The story is told that during the war one of Churchill's advisors told him that he had investigated a certain situation and found a solution quite impossible. "Good," Churchill replied, "How soon can you get it done?"

Fortunately, to some men a lost cause is a challenge which brings forth all their courage and determination. Father Damien was one of these. Joseph Damien became a priest at an early age. After working for several years as a missionary in the Pacific Islands, he offered to go to the island of Molokai to take care of the colony of lepers living there. Because no cure had yet been found for leprosy, those who contracted it were banished to this island where they could not endanger the lives and health of other people. Although Father Damien knew that sooner or later he himself would contract leprosy, he was willing to sacrifice his life for what everyone else believed to be a lost cause. When he arrived at Molokai the living conditions of the lepers were unbelievable and the disease was progressing fearfully. The miserable condition of the place gave it the name of a living graveyard. Father Damien immediately set to work improving living conditions by building new dwellings and piping fresh water to the colony. Churches were built while schools and hospitals were erected and put into working order. Under his kindly care the lepers became happier than they had ever been before. Ten years after his arrival, Father Damien discovered that he was a leper; he died soon after. But his sacrifice had not been in vain for his courage and determination had brought the plight of the lepers to the attention of others and the work of the lepers was assured.

In the late 1800's, two anxious parents called an unknown schoolteacher and asked her to look after their small daughter. Little did she realize, as she accepted, that she was undertaking one of the greatest lost causes, which would summon all the patience and perseverance that she possessed. The child was not only deaf and dumb but blind as well. She had no avenue of contact with the outer world at all. The school teacher who became her governess soon discovered that the only possible way of reaching the child's mind was through her sensitive hands and fingers. She fashioned tiny objects small enough to fit into the child's palm and in this way taught her to distinguish various objects one from another. As the child grew, she learned how to speak; slowly and hesitatingly at first but gradually with more speed. Her governess helped her with her schoolwork and when school was finished, the decision was made to send her to college from which she graduated with honours. This child was Hellen Keller. Today she is an inspiration to those blind or deaf like herself, a living symbol of a courageous school teacher's refusal to accept a lost cause as such.

An heroic Irishman, with the delightful name of Fogarty Feegan, was the captain of a ship guarding a convoy during the last war. His ship was really no more than a tugboat

equipped with four small guns and his task was to protect convoys crossing the Atlantic with supplies and ammunition from German submarines or destroyers. One night an enemy destroyer attacked the convoy. Fogarty Feegan radioed all ships to disperse and proceed full speed ahead while he tried to divert the German destroyer. His officers tried to dissuade him; they knew that their little ship with its few guns stood no chance against a heavily-armed destroyer. Fogarty Feegan refused to listen. For more than two hours he zigzagged back and forth in the water, eluding his pursuers. When he saw that he could no longer escape, he brought his ship broadside and fired his small guns at the approaching destroyer. Although Fogarty Feegan was killed and his ship sunk, the convoy reached port safely, bringing with it the much-needed supplies. Fogarty Feegan was awarded the Victoria Cross posthumously for his courage and his successful attempt at doing what seemed impossible.

The greatest example of a lost cause that has succeeded is Christianity. In the years following Christ's crucifixion, Christianity was stamped out mercilessly; Christians were subjected to all kinds of torture and humiliation. Not a philosopher of the time but would have pronounced the cause a lost one indeed but history has proven otherwise.

Almost all great advances have been made when the project was labelled a lost cause. Famous men and women down through the ages owe their greatness to their refusal to surrender to seemingly hopeless odds. People like Elizabeth Fry, Pasteur, Braille and Florence Nightingale prove to us that there is no such thing as a lost cause. Indeed to those who have the courage and determination, lost causes are merely starting points, preludes to battles won

ANN POWELL, Sixth Form.



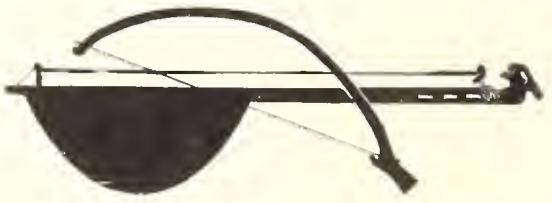
ODE TO A DAY-IN-GOAL

(With Apologies to John Keats)

My head aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of Algebra I'd thunk,
Or emptied some dull History to the brains
 One minute past, and Return-wards had sunk.
O for a draught of holiday, that hath been
 Warmed a long age on a sunny beach,
Tasting of tennis, boating, swims and fun,
 Dance, all sorts of song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker — (pardon! Chemistry!) —
 Full of all kinds of horrible text-books,
With Latin Grammar winking at the brim,
 And dreadful ink-stained Maths,
That I might laugh, and throw them in the foam
 Of perilous seas, from when there's no return.

PAT SOUTHAM, Upper V.

MUSIC



The highlight of this musical year was "A Ceremony of Carols" which was sung by the Upper School choir aided by the Upper Fourths. We started to work on this composition by Benjamin Britten two years ago by learning the simpler carols — last year a few more were added to the list of those already sung. This Christmas, "A Ceremony of Carols" was completed. This was by no means an easy task as many of the carols were extremely difficult. However their very difficulty made them interesting as well as fun to sing and everyone in the choir put her all into the task.

It was decided, since the accompaniment had been designed for harp rather than piano, to engage a harpist. We were fortunate in obtaining Miss Dorothy Welden to play for us as she is one of the best harpists in Montreal. At the beginning of December, Miss Blanchard announced that we had been asked to sing "A Ceremony of Carols" on Christmas Sunday at the Erskine and American Church. Of course we were all delighted. As Miss Lamont put it, everyone seemed aware of the honour except Miss Blanchard! Despite the fact that the concerts went well we were all rather nervous the night of the church service. The church was packed. However our fears proved groundless as we had rehearsed until mistakes were almost impossible. Everyone was most enthusiastic and we even got a favourable press review!

Another Englishman, Vaughan Williams, is the composer of a work which the Upper School is learning this term. We will be unable to learn more than a few selections from it but perhaps we will be able to perform it in its entirety sometime in the future.

In April we had a delightful musical treat. Mr. Fisher kindly arranged to have Alan Mills come and sing to the school. Mr. Mills turned out to be a very charming gentleman with a winning personality and a wonderful voice. He entertained us with folk songs from all over the world and before half an hour had passed he had the whole school, as well as the staff, whistling and grunting like pigs and thoroughly enjoying themselves. Our thanks to Mr. Fisher for making this visit possible.

All in all, this has been a very successful year as far as music is concerned. Miss Corish, who is at present studying music at McGill, has been a very able accompanist at our singing lessons, thus leaving Miss Blanchard free to conduct. No account of the year's musical events would be complete without mentioning Miss Blanchard's wonderful teaching and above all her enthusiasm for music, which are responsible for maintaining the high standard in music which The Study has always enjoyed.

ANN POWELL.

THE MAGIC GARDEN

Here, apples grow on silver trees,
Red lemons grow on gold ones;
Green oranges grow on candy-canies
And yellow grapes on old ones.

Here, all the fairies sing and danee,
And the brightest birds are on the wing;
And all the brownies hop and prance
While fairy church-bells ring.

SALLY MEAKINS, Upper III, Age 11.



STAINED GLASS WINDOW—by JOYCE AND JUDY KIRKPATRICK
 1. The Annunciation. 2. Madonna and Child.
 3. Wise Men and The Christ Child. 4. Joseph and The Boy Jesus.
 5. Christ blessing the children. 6. The Crucifixion.

ART NOTES

The great interest in art, which has always prevailed at The Study, is entirely due to Miss Seath's encouragement and brilliant teaching, which is appreciated by Study girls while at the school and afterwards.

Eight girls from the Sixth Form, an unusually large number, have been taking art this year. Two girls have already obtained first class art matriculations, and five others will try the exam in June. Every Thursday afternoon we have done life drawing, the highlight of the year being the day Madame posed for us. Miss Seath has given us a course in History of Art. Tracing the development of art has fascinated us all, and we now feel able to recognize many of the Great Masters.

The Middle and Lower Schools have done interesting work in both painting and modelling. Their realistic scenery has added bright colour to all our school plays. Several paintings of the younger girls were sent to an exhibition at the Public Library in Cornwall.

In conclusion, we are most grateful to Miss Seath, who has made this year so full and happy all her pupils.

FAITH HEWARD.



DRAMATICS

The annual group of productions was off to a roaring start with the original presentation, by the Lower and Upper B's, of "The Sleeping Beauty." Pippa Hawlliwell was the reader and Janie Horner and Martha Trower the Princess and Prince respectively — all did commendable acting. Dibby Fieldhouse as the Bad Fairy and Gillian Hill and Sandra Meakins playing the King and Queen were most convincing. The Fairies danced and sang with delightful abandon.

The A's put on a fine play "Rumplestiltskin." Anne Barcley played the Queen with great self possession while Carolyn Strauss was the King, Linda Frosst the Nurse and Susanne Desternes did an admirable job of Rumplestiltskin himself. The many beautiful costumes with the addition of a competent cast gave an entertaining performance.

This highly entertaining play was under the able direction of the Lower School teachers.

Lower IV did a commendable job of "Ballet-Hoo." Janet Montgomery as the producer, with a rich accent, showed decided talent and Marilyn Maughan played the stage manager with a great deal of aplomb. The costumes and set were admirable.

Upper IV presented "The Stolen Prince," its oriental atmosphere sustained by the asiatic costumes. Marguerite L'Anglais made a splendid chorus and Joyce McEwen gave an excellent performance as the property man. Lesley Grey also deserves honourable mention. The play was funny and was enthusiastically carried out by all members of the cast.

Lower V acted in "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife." There was a professional air about this play with Lynn Geddes and Phoebe Redpath in the leads and acting after true dramatic style. The unique hat of the wife attracted much comment. Sandra Wallis did a commendable job as the Lawyer. The rest of the cast did well in supporting roles.

Three members of the Sixth form presented "The Marriage Proposal" which was entertaining and well executed. Faith Heward cut a convincing figure as the Father and Elizabeth Vale was amusing as his pretty Daughter. Ann Powell as the frustrated Lover did a dashing, talented portrayal. It was highly amusing with both the set and costumes lending a truely Russian atmosphere.

The season is rounding off with two other plays at the end of the term. The Upper III are presenting "The Pool of the Wilful Princess" with Diana Johnson, Sally Meakins and Pilar de Picabia taking the leading roles. Lower IV will put on "Master Skylark" with Cynthia Hutchins in the leading part.

Due to the untiring efforts of the directing mistress, Miss O'Brian, this has been a full and satisfactory year on the dramatic field.

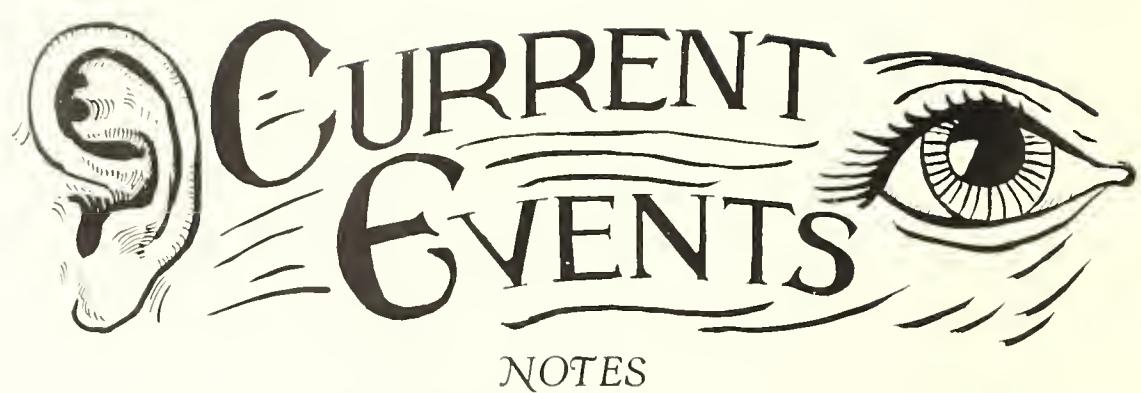
JOYCE KIRKPATRICK.



THE DACHSHUND

The dachshund has a build unique
You'd think him out of joint, sir,
He seems to take at least a week
To pass a given point, sir.
He is a canine gentleman,
Of that there is no doubt, sir,
His "mittle" sags a little but
He's nice to have about, sir.

CAROLINE DOYLE, Lower IV, Age, 12



CURRENT EVENTS

NOTES

We feel that our Current Events Club is unique in that, in addition to our discussions and debates on current topics, we also have showings of educational films and vocational guidance lectures. This year we saw films dealing with the nursing profession and the plight of war orphans in Europe. We also had lectures on the subjects of clinical psychology, physiotherapy, and missionary work on the northern frontier.

Our discussions and debates covered a wide field. We had one particularly interesting discussion on little known religions such as Lamaism and Mormonism, in which some rather unusual arguments were raised in favour of polygamy! Our debate subjects ranged from serious questions such as "Should Canada join the United States?" to the hardy perennial "Honesty is the Best Policy." The latter ended in a draw, which doubtless casts some aspersions on the morals of the Sixth Form!

We are greatly indebted to Miss Lamont who has not only acted as our moderator and advisor throughout the year, but who has also given some fascinating talks on World War II. We should also like to thank Miss Blanchard for the illustrated talk which she gave on her interesting trip to Dalmatia.

ELIZABETH VALE - - - President
ANN POWELL - - - Vice-President
JUDITH DOBELL - - - Secretary

INFLATION

For books left in a certain place,
Five whole cents for the magazine.
For walking in a certain space,
Ten whole cents for the magazine.
Save your money by walking to school,
Twenty-five cents for the magazine.
Any spare change goes into the pool,
Thirty cents for the magazine.
Charge for admission to Monday's fair,
Thirty-five cents for the magazine.
If this "work of art" isn't finished tonight,
Fifty cents for the magazine.
After it's printed and back from the press,
ONE WHOLE DOLLAR, for the magazine.

LESLEY GRAY, Upper IV,

Since the above was written, inflation has continued.—ED.

MUSIC IN MODERN LIFE

Music today plays a large part in every man's life, as it has always done. But in the 20th century, music is very clearly divided into categories; there is a sharp distinction between classical and popular music, and this was not true in the past when great musicians such as Johann Strauss also composed popular dance music.

Music is a very old art that had its beginning in the chants and religious rites of primitive men. We think that our 20th century has progressed far beyond this simple stage in civilization and so we find it hard to believe that there are races of men living in the world today whose music is very similar to this. For example, natives living across the Behring Strait from Alaska have songs in which they imitate the calls of wild ducks; our American Indians have songs for each object they see and use in every day life; and even on the other side of the world in Australia the natives still dance a "kangaroo" dance. You will agree that there is a great contrast between this very simple type of music and the compositions that are performed in the world's concert halls by specially trained artists. But, even if only in time, both these are 20th century music.

No matter whether a man is a Montrealer or a Zulu, music is part of his every day life, part of his religion. He hums when he feels happy or is working and likes to listen to some form of music for entertainment. So music plays a part in modern life, but it is equally true to say that music has been affected by the 20th century of mechanical, scientific and industrial progress. Several modern composers have reflected this progress in their writing, but I think that George Antheil's "Ballet Mechanique" is the most obvious example of this influence. This work is written for a startling orchestra containing 10 grand pianos, an aeroplane propeller, a couple of electric buzzers, four bass drums, a pneumatic drill and a fire siren. From this you can get a general idea of what the "music" would sound like. Imagining the sound of this immense work makes me think of a very interesting theory about the volume of sound. Constant Lambert, a British composer and critic, says that because of the perpetual noise of modern city life, people are no longer easily impressed by sheer volume of sound, and many become restless unless they can hear a radio or juke box in the background. Lambert suggests that our aural nerves may become deadened because of this.

Since the invention of the record-player and radio, people have been able to enjoy music much more easily. The cinema has given us a new aspect of music, linking sound much closer to sight than ever before. Many people must have seen the technicolor nature films by Walt Disney that were in Montreal not so long ago — "Nature's Half-Acre," "Water Birds" and "The Olympic Elk." The way in which the well known music was so appropriately fitted to the movements of the birds, wind-blown flowers, and even the smallest insects, is something I shall never forget.

As well as mechanical progress, the 20th century has seen great political and social changes. Russia is a country that has undergone such a transformation, a country that is in the news musically as well as politically now since Prokovieff, one of its leading musicians, has died so recently. In Russia the government has tried to adapt and limit music to its own doctrines, and many contests have been held to encourage Russian composers to write music describing how "humanity has been transformed by the proletariat socialist regime."

When Russia and modern life are discussed, war is almost naturally considered. It has been suggested that the two world wars may have caused the great popularity of music with no emotional power. But if great wars continue, there will be a much more obvious effect on music and the other arts. For war is killing men, the creators of art, and therefore art itself.

"Music is an international language" and every year, when they are permitted to do so, musicians and music lovers from all countries meet at the great international music festivals of the world. Music is one of the valuable things that clearly show us that the jealousies and wars of our modern life are pitiful and barbaric, things apart from true living.

ANN PEACOCK, Sixth Form.

McGill Alumnae Public Speaking Competition—Third Prize.

THE DESERTED HARBOUR

Bern Addams shuddered at the bleakness of his empty house. He felt he had to get out of the tense atmosphere. He put on his raincoat and walked out into the fog, not seeing or caring where he went. Wisps of fog drifted by his face. The night was black and the cold fingers of the fog clutched at his throat. He shivered as he thought of the day behind him. The Coroner's court had declared his wife's death suicide by hanging.

Everything had gone smoothly, almost too smoothly. He looked down and a drift of fog made him shudder. He saw before him again his wife's fluttering hands vainly trying to unclasp his strong fingers as they closed around her throat. He shivered and shook himself out of the illusion, reminding himself that no one had suspected.

Addams looked up and saw that his feet had led him to the old deserted harbour on the outskirts of the little town. The shadows played around the derelict buildings, and in the fog it was hard to tell where the quay left off and the water began. He moved farther and farther over the creaking boards of the quay, as if to get away from what lurked in the sinister shadows. The shadows seemed to point accusing fingers at him, closing in on him and saying, "You'll never get back through us alive."

To keep his nerves from breaking, he stared through the murk at the dead calm of the sea. He picked up an old loose nail and tossed it into the water. The slow ripples came creeping in to shore and suddenly he saw his wife in the water screaming, screaming because of the hands which were draining the last ounce of life from her. Shaken to the core, Addams turned away as if he were trying to grasp peace from the clammy quiet of the starless night. He covered his face in his hands, then suddenly his cold fists clenched and his body stiffened. He had heard footsteps, soft at first, but now they were growing louder. Coming towards him he saw a figure, dim in the fog. He turned a ghastly white and stared as the figure came closer.

"Stop!" he cried hoarsely, "don't come any nearer. I didn't mean to kill you. I didn't mean it. Don't come nearer. Don't do it stop! Stop!"

He jerked back convulsively. He tripped . . .

An unearthly scream answered him. He never heard.

The seaweed from the piles of the unused wharf and underneath the water closed on him. Soon all was still under the black water, with the occasional wisp of fog drifting overhead.

Miss Purdy, the eccentric artist who lived overlooking the harbour, leaned breathlessly against the slammed door. With a trembling hand she took a bottle from a cabinet. "I must stop drinking so much," she told herself. Her nerves were so bad that down on the quay on her nightly walk she had screamed, thinking she had seen a ghost. She shakily poured the spilling liquid into a glass.

JULIAN FANCOTT, *Middle V.*

ODE TO PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Upon this deck I stand and gaze ashore,
Recalling happy days and friends before
Our ship departs, and leaves the rolling land
In water blue against the soft red sand.
The beach is piled with lobster pots unfilled
That 'wait the spring and hands in fishing skilled.
Workmen are scrapping smooth the roads of clay
Or with their teams are out to gather hay.
Barefoot children go to school 'till fall
When harvest-time demands the work of all;
Their speech and customs are both quaint and slow
They school ten years, but seem to learn and know.
And so in peace they fish, and farm, and clam,
And watch the sunset to predict a ca'm *
Prince Edward Isle will ever be a place
Where friendly smiles reflect a natural grace.
So now I take one long last look and sigh!
Red sand dunes fade, and sea gulls swoop close by,
The mist and clouds enshroud the land from me,
But naught can hide it in my memory.

*ca'm is the Islander's slang.

MARY VAN ALSTYNE, *Upper V.*

KNIGHTS AND THE CROSS

Cool was the air, and the light still dim
The hill lay still and bare
When thundering hooves were heard from afar
And the ringing of mail shook the air.

Suddenly the hill was bare no more,
The dimness left the sky
An array of knights circled its crest
Their glory dazzling the eye.

The sun came out in all its splendour
The armour catching its rays
Crosses on shields, and tips of lances
Shone in the bright sun's blaze.

Beyond the knights a city rose
Envolved in a mist
Where walls of pitch rose up in state
And round them cold winds hissed.

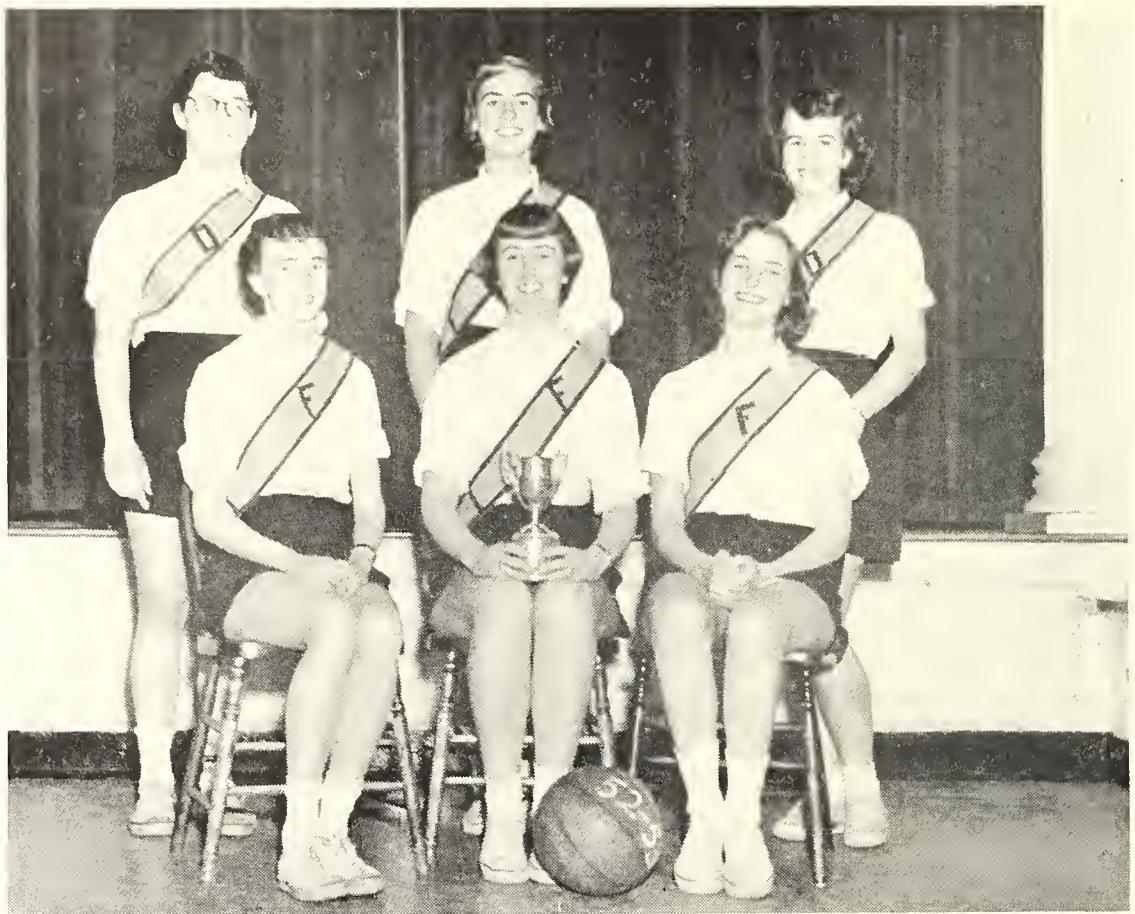
Through towering gates an army rode
Of men all clothed in black
To slay the knights was their intent
Or to their city never ride back.

The battle raged for endless hours
The men were at a loss
When out of the fray a banner rose
Emblazoned with the Cross.

The banner's brilliance shone on the foe
In fear they turned and fled
While the knights looked on, a mighty bolt
Of lightning struck them dead.

The earth was stained with the warriors' blood
The sky was a misty red
While the knights in grave solemnity
Began to bury their dead.

SANDRA WALLIS, *Lower V.*



FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM

— Back row: Dorothy Johnson, Prudence Reilly, Hilary Thomas.
Front row: Faith Heward, Cynthia Baird, Rachel Moorhouse.



SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM

— Back row: Heather MacIntosh, Myra Riddell, Judy Darling.
Centre row: Diana Wright, Mary Van Alstyne, Ann Powell, Elizabeth
• Vale, Sally Parsons.
Front row: Angela Cassils, Mary McEachran, Sally Braden.

SPORTS



This has been an outstanding year in athletics, due to the expert instruction given us by our coach, Miss Moore. The spirit has been unequalled, and everyone deserves praise for her particularly enthusiastic playing and good sportsmanship.

INTER-SCHOOL BASKETBALL

We have had a most successful basketball season. The three players remaining from last year's first team managed to keep their positions, but there was a wild scramble for the three vacant spots. These places were filled by Faith Heward and Rachel Moorhouse, shots, and Hilary Thomas, defence. After a few weeks of hard practice, we were anxious to begin our league games. Our teams were as follows:

	<i>First Team</i>	<i>Second Team</i>
Shots:	Cynthia Baird, captain Faith Heward Rachel Moorhouse	Elizabeth Vale Mary van Alstyne Mary McEachran, captain
Guards:	Prudence Reilly Hilary Thomas Dorothy Johnson	Ann Powell Angela Cassils Sally Braeden Myra Riddell

Substitutes: Marcia Crombie, Susan Cushing, Judy Darling, Heather McIntosh, Sally Parsons and Diana Wright.

Hard work and excellent coaching gave both these teams an undefeated record so that, after a long absence, both basketball cups have returned to The Study. Teams for the future look promising, not only because there is such a large number of substitutes, but also because many girls have improved greatly during the year.

Scores of League Games:

<i>Opponents</i>	<i>First Team</i>	<i>Second Team</i>
Trafalgar	13-5	14-5
Miss Edgar's	18-3	20-9
Weston	—	31-7
Trafalgar	15-14	29-7
Miss Edgar's	20-14	20-6
Weston	—	29-8

EXHIBITION GAME — WESTMOUNT SENIOR HIGH

Our exhibition game was certainly the most exciting in the basketball season. Both teams played exceptionally well and the pace was fast. The First Team managed to hold Westmount High to a tie, but the Second Team was not so successful. The scores were 22 — 22 and 21 — 25. The players should be congratulated on their team play, which was most noticeable in both games.

OLD GIRLS' GAME

The annual Old Girls' Game, organized this year by Joan Kimber, took place in the new Y.W.C.A. Most of the Old Girls had never before played basketball in this "Y," and they were unable to defeat the school's First Team in unfamiliar surroundings. (The game was fun but quite rough — we hope none of them came out of it the worse for wear!)

HOUSE BASKETBALL

For the first time, the house basketball was played as a round robin in which the highest total score determined the winner. Everyone seemed to enjoy this new arrangement, and it gave some of the younger members of the houses a chance to play. Although Kappa Rho defeated every other house, Delta Beta scored the most baskets and thus won the tournament and gained twenty-five points towards the Sports' Cup.

SKIING

Because of an uncooperative weatherman, the Penguin Ski Club was unable to hold its annual ski meet at St. Sauveur this winter. Our team, which was coached by Chris Gribben, was made up of the captain, Carlyn Kruger, and five others, Judy and Joyce Kirkpatrick, Ann Powell, Patsy Scott and Mary van Alstyne.

INTER-SCHOOL TENNIS

This year both Senior and Junior teams tramped off to the Trafalgar courts in an effort to win the tennis cup. They were determined to make up for their losses of former years. The Senior team (Carlyn Kruger and Dorothy McIntosh) won in their division, and the Junior team (Mary McEachran and Dorothy Johnson) placed second, but in the final standings The Study had 43 points to Trafalgar's 34. This, incidentally, was the first time the school had won the coveted cup in four years of competition.

HOUSE TENNIS

Owing to the bad weather last fall, only the semi-finals of the house-doubles were played. Mu Gamma and Beta Lambda are due to meet in the finals this spring, with Mu Gamma's team favoured to win. The singles are also to be played in the Summer Term.

VOLLEYBALL

The house volleyball, like the basketball, was played as a round robin, and younger players, from the Fourth Forms, were able to help their houses. The teams were very evenly matched, a fact which produced great tension and excitement. Kappa Rho came first, followed closely by Mu Gamma.

THE DEMONSTRATION, 1953

On March 30th, with a large audience of parents, old girls and friends, the school presented its demonstration of dancing and drill. The programme opened with the Lower Fourths' Sports Mimetics. Judging by their performance, they should all be very good at golfing, tennis and canoeing this summer. Both the Middle and Lower V, who had the difficult task of performing the Rhythmic Ball Exercises, should be commended on their fine showing. The modern exercises, which the Sixth and Upper V presented, were, according to the audience, very effective. Last, but certainly not least in the Drill portion of the demonstration, was the Third's Relay Races which were thoroughly enjoyed by all the spectators.

The basketball game was played between the 1st and 2nd school teams. Unfortunately, the whistle blew just as the players were beginning to settle down and the game ended with the score 4 - 0 for the first team.

The Fourth Forms and the Upper School did various folk and country dances. The Sixth Form, gaily clad in their kilts of different tartans, danced the lively but difficult Eightsome Reel. As a climax to the whole demonstration, the Upper IV's and Upper School did some square dancing in which the girls wore peasant blouses and brightly coloured skirts, and the "men," plaid shirts and jeans.

This account of the gym demonstration would certainly not be complete without thanking Miss Moore and Mrs. Norton, our accompanist. Miss Moore had unfailing patience with us when we were out of step, and Mrs. Norton always pounded out that first note, hoping that everyone would then start her exercises on time.

SPORTS DAY, 1952

The 1952 Sports Day will be one to remember because of the very narrow margin by which Beta Lambda defeated Delta Beta. Indeed, Delta Beta was thought to be the winner late that afternoon, but when the points were added up again the next morning, it was officially announced that Beta Lambda was the victor. The outstanding girl in each form was as follows:—

L. III Mary Louson	20 pts.	L. V Elizabeth Hague	13 pts.
U. III Mary Darling	20 pts.	M. V Diana Wright	10 pts.
L. IV Susan Paterson	12 pts.	U. V Myra Riddell	13 pts.
U. IV Daphne Wright	13 pts.	Sixth Faith Heward	14 pts.

THE SWIMMING MEET, 1952

With the use of the very attractive pool in the new Y.W.C.A., swimming again proved to be very popular from the Upper B's up to the Sixth Formers. Delta Beta had no trouble winning the meet by a big margin, since the three top swimmers, Daphne Wright, Diana Hamilton, and Joan McKnight were all in this house.



TENNIS TEAM — Mary McEachran, Dorothy Johnson, Carlyn Kruger; *kneeling*: Dorothy McIntosh.

MY PET RACCOON

Last summer, a friend of ours, walking through the woods of Maine, found a mother raccoon, who had been killed, and over her climbed two tiny baby coons. Our friend knew that they, too would die soon of starvation, so he brought them home and gave one to us.

We named our baby raccoon "Cleopatra," and called her "Cleo" for short. Soon she was following me everywhere I went, as if I were her mother. I fed her out of a doll's bottle, the one I had used when I nursed my dolls. She lay in my arms while drinking, just as any baby would, then went off to sleep in her bed. We thought she was about two months old when she came to live with us. She was about the size of a kitten, and wore a black and white mask.

Cleo went for rides in our rowboat with me, and loved to splash her little paws in the water. She grew fast and now when I fed her she would hold the bottle of milk in her paws, and also eat scraps from the kitchen. But often she climbed into my lap and sucked my bare arm as if it were her mother's breast. I knew she missed her real mother very much even if she did seem happy.

By August, Cleo was much older and very mischievous, and would climb a tree over our outside tea nook, and I would have to climb up the tree to get her. She would also hide and I would spend hours looking for her.

With school only three weeks away, I could not help thinking what I was going to do with Cleo when I went back to Montreal. I could not just leave her in the forests, for she would die, and I could not picture her in the apartment in the city.

Finally, when the time came closer, I read in a book that raccoons live with their mothers two years. During this time they are taught how to fool their enemies, the fox and the dog; by running through streams to break their scent. They are taught how to pull rotten logs apart to find delicious bugs, and where to find turtle eggs in the sand. They learn what sounds mean danger. These things I could not teach Cleo. She could never find enough food, and never out-wit her foes. She did not know she had any, for she played with dogs, cats and people, and was never afraid of them.

School days were close, and I was terribly worried about my problem. Then came a solution. A friend offered to keep Cleo during the cold months on his farm, as a pet. There she would be near woods and stream, and perhaps learn more about how to take care of herself. He says she will finally go to the woods and become wild again. I often think of her and wonder if she is safe and happy, and if it was right to make a pet of a wild animal. Perhaps it was not, but she was a wonderful pet, just the same.

ELSYLN BERRILL, *Lower IV*, Age 12.



A HOLE IN THE WALL

A hole in the wall
In a little old house,
In the hole in the wall
Lived a little brown mouse.

A cat by the fire
In the little old house,
Take care, beware!
Little brown mouse.

DIANA FAIRMAN, *Upper III*,

CRUMBS

We approached the high iron gates which guarded the entrance to the driveway. Rosemary stopped the car and I got out to open these impressive portals. They were rusty, and the catch was difficult; however in a few seconds, after a tug, they swung open slowly, revealing a long avenue of trees before us. It had been raining, and on this chilly autumn afternoon, water was dripping from the remaining leaves of the low-hanging branches, whilst the fallen ones were sodden together on the ground making it very slippery underfoot.

Rosemary decided, which I thought was wise, to stop the car before we came in sight of the house, and to walk from there. We had never seen the place before and had no idea who lived there. Our mission was a very ordinary one, simply to collect funds for a local charity.

The house was large with several wings jutting out and the high roof sprouted chimneys that were lofty and old-fashioned. The windows on the ground floor were shuttered and those on the upper floors were uncurtained and appeared to have a bleak empty stare. We decided to try knocking at the front entrance. The door was a broad panelled oak one with a brass knocker which was dulled from lack of shining.

Suddenly Rosemary and I jumped backward. A burst of laughter emerged from within and voices were chatting gaily. Everything had been so quiet until now that we were completely astounded. The door was flung open by a girl wearing a dark dress; she had long hair thrown back over her shoulders and her eyes grew very large as she looked at us. I explained to her why we were there but got no response. She looked very puzzled and murmured something to herself. After a silence she invited us into the house. When we walked into the drawing-room, two small rather chubby little boys were munching cakes. She offered us some of them and we accepted eagerly. They were delicious, filled with raisins and cherries. We talked for a few minutes with the little boys. They had rather a strange accent, but were most cheerful. The girl hardly said a word except when it was necessary but continually watched us with a frightened expression on her face.

Some minutes later as we left the house, I noticed that the shutters were open. Both of us were curious but not particularly concerned. We walked down the driveway when suddenly Rosemary stopped. The car was not where we had left it. It was nowhere to be seen. A twig snapped behind me and I leapt around. An old man, whom I supposed to be a caretaker, spoke softly in apologetic tones. Then in a more stern voice inquired why we were trespassing. Rosemary again explained. The old man smiled sympathetically and answered that there were no occupants in the house and that it had long been empty. We smiled back confidently and rather patronizingly, thinking he was an extremely stupid, feeble-minded creature. He asked us if he might show us around the house. We accepted and as we turned round, we saw the car standing exactly where we had parked it. Rosemary gasped and then, as the old man looked at her, she mumbled a few words. We walked up to the house. The shutters were all closed, except one at the side. There we peered through the glass into a dark dingy room filled with cobwebs and not a sign of life anywhere.

I glanced at Rosemary who looked rather pale and suggested that we depart. The old man who was shuffling about rather obviously coughed discreetly. Rosemary always tactful dug into her purse for a tip. As she did so, something dropped from her handkerchief which she quickly retrieved. By the time we had reached the car, the old man had disappeared and with a sigh of relief I got into it. Rosemary quickly started the engine and drove recklessly down the avenue. We stopped at the gate for an instant and as we did, I heard coming through the trees from the direction of the house, a high pitched laugh. Rosemary promptly stepped on the accelerator and we shot out on to the road.

A minute or two later she stopped the car. She spread her handkerchief on her lap, in which lay some crumbs and a cherry. We looked at each other.

JUDITH McGREEVY, Sixth Form.

SNOW, SNOW, SNOW, . . .

Each year on Christmas cards we see
A white and sparkling glow
That coats each branch of every tree,
With wonderful stuff called snow!
On ten cent cards white paint must do
To coat the painted pine,
But for an extra cent or two
Bright tinsel there will shine.

And, truth to tell, when going up North,
'Tis seen on every hill,
Where reckless humans sally forth
On skis, to try their skill.
Some skim and sail and sweep and swerve,
While others — whoops! — do not;
They sit, and marvel at the nerve
They dearly wish they'd got.

Their dignity is lost for e'er
When down the slope they sprawl,
With snow in eyes, down neck, in hair,
Back on their skis they crawl.
So if among beginners slow
You find that you are classed,
Don't be surprised if in the snow
A little zest has passed.

Returning back to City life,
From weekends full of fun,
We find that with the snow our strife
Is not — alas! — yet done.
For all the streets of Montreal
Are hid in slippery slush,
And every hour we risk a fall
Into the messy mush.

But time, they say, e'er marches on,
Until that month of year
When boots and scarves we need not don,
With muffs on frozen ear.
No longer do we chill at length,
Nor red our noses glow;
We rest in summer, gathering strength
To meet next winter's snow.

ANN PEACOCK, *Sixth Form.*

WILD LIFE IN CANADA

(Told somewhat ungrammatically by a French Canadian youth)

I, Fernand, Albert Emile Joseph-Marie Auclair, am a "Canadien," the son of a farmer. I have fifteen years. The summers, I go for work at the Kanawaki golf club — it is here that I am caddie for the English. If you will pardon that I speak not so good English, I will tell to you of the strange thing that have happen at this place. Perhaps you will not be surprise to hear that not far from Kanawaki is the village of the Indians — Caughnawaga. Mon Dieu, those Indians! their horse, their cows, their chickens, they are always run on the highway, and on the fairway, even. Last month, one Indian girl, she was also run on the fairway — she watch all the time the players. Her name, I think it was Minnihaha. Now she is dead — they say murder — but the murderer, where is he? Ah, that is the great mystere!

It is not so long ago many peoples are arrive at Kanawaki for practise for this big tournament. I am now very busy. The day before of the tournament, I go for caddie one man name Nigel Greenwood. He never talk — he think all the time of the golf. The time we come to the eight hole, he still not talk the one word. Me, I like to talk. I say: "M'sieur, you like this course?" Oh my, he shout to me: "Be quiet, you confounded idiot, couldn't you see I was just going into my backswing? Get out of my sight and don't come back!"

I no understand what is a "confounded idiot." But I go. I say to myself. "Fernand Albert Emile Joseph-Marie Auclair, this is not very nice man."

And after, they tell me the Indian girl is kill by a hit of a hammer on the head; she lie in the wood near to the fifteen hole. How I am surprise! I begin to think very much of this.

The next day for the tournament I am still caddie for Monsieur Greenwood. I am shine very bright. M'sieu Greenwood, why you shine only this club?

We come to the fifteen hole. Monsieur Greenwood, he take from me the number nine iron. M'sieu Greenwood, you use all the time this club on this hole?

Monsieur Greenwood he play very bad the fifteen hole. It is, how you call, "par three." He take eight! ! M'sieu Greenwood, you are tire? What you do yesterday after I go?

It is enough. I say to myself: "Fernand Albert Emile Joseph-Marie Auclair, you have discover the murderer Minnihaha run often on the fairway, yes? Monsieur Greenwood he no like this; Monsieur Greenwood is not very nice man. He chase her with his number nine iron. A number nine iron, it is like a hammer, yes? Afterwards it is not very clean: today it shine very bright, yes? Today, Monsieur Greenwood is scare of the fifteen hole, yes?

Me, I am very fine — how you say — detective, yes?

MARTHA RICHARDSON,

Upper V.



PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST
FIRST PRIZE · Gail McEachern

JUDGMENT

Characters :	Minos	King of Crete.
	Adrasta	His daughter.
	Halitherses	A craftsman of noble blood, and a lover of Adrasta.
	Alcippe	An old nurse of Adrasta.

Scene :

Chamber in the Royal Palace at Crossus, Crete. Minos and his daughter playing chess.

- Adrasta : Even as you move these chessmen on this rich board, so do you move the lives of the men on this rich island of Crete. For many years, Father, you have governed wisely and filled the merchants' and craftsmen's coffers with gold; but now they have become angry and mutter against us. Today one dared to cry insults openly as I passed through the streets. Why do they behave thus?
- Minos : (stopping his play) What! cried one curses at you? Give me his name and he shall die by the horns of the sacred bull as a sacrifice to your power. Perhaps the amusement of the spectacle would sooth these ruffians.
- Adrasta : Nay, Father, be not so violent. But still I think their threats are serious. Surely you know the reason for this behaviour, Sire. Will you not tell me? For I know even as the craftsmen's hands fashion that which is lovely their minds think that which is ugly.
- Minos : Stay your foolish chatter, child. Could you not see the hearty way in which they celebrated the ceremonies in honour of the great Mother Goddess, just these hours past?
- Adrasta : Yea, Father, I saw all this and more. The men spoke softly in small groups and started if anyone approached them. The women veiled themselves to hide their looks from one another. Even the dogs slunk about. I tell you, father, I have been told, told by someone who knows. I know they plot evil doings, maybe even rebellion. They are filled with anger which shows although they would hide it, and I fear them.
- Minos : What! Can you, the daughter of my beloved Phaedra, confess to fear? Drive that feeling from your breast and dwell no more on such craven thoughts. Come what may, the daughter of a Cretan king shall face it proudly or know her father no more.
- (The entrance to the chamber is flung open. Alcippe enters shaking with fear; through the open door the noise of an angry populace is heard. The door clangs shut and the room is silent).
- Alcippe : Sire, sire, save us, go to them, pacify them or we are doomed. The square is filled with them all shouting angrily. They carry torches and swear they will revenge themselves on the person who brought disaster upon them.
- Adrasta : Calm yourself, my good nurse, speak plainly to me and cease to gibber with fear.
- Alcippe : It is the truth, my lady, all the craftsmen and labourers rise up against us, and fill the noble square your august father built with curses.
- Minos : (turning white with fear) I defy them. They could not know I did it. I told no one but Polybus.
- Adrasta : Could not know you did what, father? What did you tell Polybus?
- Minos : (recovering his composure) Who told you there would be a rebellion? Tell me instantly or it will go ill with him.
- Adrasta : Halitherses, father.
- Minos : (muttering to himself) Upstart, rebel. (turns to Alcippe) Go, snivelling hag, and bid Halitherses be brought to me immediately.

Alcippe : But, Sire, I dare not leave this chamber or I shall be most certainly killed.

Minos : Rather you will be more certainly killed if you remain.

Alcippe : (quailing before his ferocity)
I . . . I . . . go, master, even though I die.

Minos : Go, then, and curse you for a prattling fool.
(The door opens and closes and the sounds of the riot are now heard much louder. Minos strides up and down the apartment).

Minos : Ah! that I should be the one to destroy all that I made and that is precious to me. Why did I obey my hot temper and foolish pride? Was it the will of the Gods? Do they seek the destruction of those who worship them?

Adrasta : Restrain yourself, father, and be seated. Rid yourself of this passion.

Minos : What! Do you tremble no more? Perhaps the mention of your lover's name has revived you. (Adrasta attempts to deny the charge).

Minos : Nay, deny it not, I have not been blind to your stolen hours of pleasure with Halitherses or your stealthy meetings with him. (Minos bursts out suddenly). He has engineered this revolt so that he can be off with you. Tell me is this true?

Adrasta : I . . .
(The door opens and Halitherses enters).

Minos : Never mind, I shall obtain my answer from the youth himself. Rascal, do you deny having caused this riot? Do you deny that your purpose was the desire to seize my daughter and make off with her? Do you dare to deny it?

Halitherses : Your daughter had and has no knowledge of my plans, otherwise I do not deny your accusations, but I shall tell you my other reasons for causing this rebellion. I would have revenge on the murderer of my noble father, the slayer of my family, and the tyrant of Crete. Nay, search not for a weapon but prepare to meet death as my father did, unarmed, undefended.

Minos : I defy you, Halitherses, a common man, to judge me, King of Crete, second in power to the Gods only. I place my case and yours in their hands and bid their judgment.
(A terrific clap of thunder is heard and the palace trembles. The once angry cries of the populace have become terrified screams. The word "earthquake" is heard several times).

Halitherses : The Gods answer you, Minos. Come, Adrasta, flee with me before we are killed in this eruption.
(Louder thunder; the palace shakes violently; crashes are heard. Adrasta and Halitherses leave the chamber, Adrasta clutching the chess board. Suddenly she turns and tries to rush back into the chamber).

Adrasta : No, no, I cannot go. Free me, Halitherses, I cannot leave my father. I must die with him. Let me go, let me go.

Halitherses : Foolish one! Do you wish to die a miserable death with that tyrant?

Adrasta : (Freeing herself, rushes to her father and throws herself at his feet). Father, I return to die with you for it is all I can do. Forgive me for my sins and bless me.

Minos : My child, mine are the sins, it is yours to forgive. Rise and face death proudly with my blessing.

Halitherses : Come with me, Adrasta, and flee from death. For you alone did I work this destruction, and I shall not taste of the triumph without you.

Adrasta : Then die with me if the Gods judge us guilty.
(With a tremendous roar, the ceiling falls in burying Minos and Adrasta and pinning Halitherses beneath a huge stone).

Halitherses : (almost dead) So have the Gods judged them . . . and me . . . guilty.

THE END

WHEN COLUMBUS MET NELSON ON ST. CATHERINE STREET

Christopher Columbus was walking down a street in Montreal, talking with a stranger he had met, who was called Horatio Nelson. Both were searching for the Harbour, so far without success.

"This is indeed the strangest Port I have ever visited!" exclaimed Columbus, "Shall we find an Inn and refresh ourselves?"

"Their carriages are unlike anything I have ever seen," replied Nelson, in a preoccupied manner.

"Here Horatio, my friend, is a shop the proprietor of which calleth himself Honeydew. We need go no further to find an Inn."

Entering the shop they made their way to the counter. Confused by the signs Columbus decided they had better try the wine of the house and ordered two Honeydews.

"The inhabitants appear to be eating hot dog meat, let us dine on board ship," said Nelson in disgust.

"The wine is flat with little taste," grumbled Columbus, "I shall ask this man the way to the Harbour. Pray, good sir, could you direct us to the Harbour?"

"Sure Buddy, take an 83 to Place d'Armes, walk two blocks to Nelson's monument and you can't miss it."

"It seemeth there is another Nelson in these parts," mused Nelson, "but what is an 83?"

"These people confound me, let us walk," said Columbus.

"The streets are made of very odd rocks, and the height of the buildings is truly amazing," remarked Nelson, "Ah! here is a station, shall we take a coach to the Harbour."

"When does the next coach leave for the Harbour?" inquired Columbus of a man at the door.

"What you need is a taxi, sir," was the reply.

Columbus' incredulous boom of "Taxi" produced immediate results and before they had collected their wits they found themselves in a car.

"St. Christopher preserve me," moaned Columbus.

"This is great sport," cried Nelson, "I must try and take one home for Emma, come, come my good Chris get off the floor; so far nothing hath hit us."

The taxi driver left them at the Harbour. Just at that moment a jet plane passed the supersonic barrier with a loud bang.

"The world is at an end, the saints deliver us," screamed Columbus.

A woman passing by remarked to her friend, "If all men were like that taking on so over a jet plane and the like, Columbus would never have discovered America."

WENDY STEVENSON, *Upper IV*,

THE SCHOOL SKATING RINK

On Tuesdays and Thursdays we all like to skate,
So we hurry with lunch for we hate to be late,
Our rink is not far — just out in the yard,
Where we skate and run races and try very hard
To be nimble and quick and stay on our feet,
And try not to tumble and land on our seat,
The time passes quickly we'd all like to stay,
But Miss More gives a shout — it's the end of the day.

MARY LOUSON, *Upper III*, Age 11.



The Christmas Tree



Miss. Hersfall



L.T.R. : Joyce McEwen, Lynn Geddes, Priscilla Kuhner,
Jane Cushing, Lesley Gray, Judy Robb, Lynda
Melling, Wendy Stevenson, Electa McMaster,
Wendy Black, Jacqueline Lotey.



The Sleeping Beauty



Middle V

THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE INCIDENT OF MY LIFE

As the sun shone through my frozen window pane this particular February morning, I realized it was time to prepare myself for one of the greatest ski events of my life. It had rained the previous night and the temperature had descended to zero. This meant the down-hill I was to race would be extremely treacherous.

After the struggle of getting up and dressed, I finally managed to work my way over to the hill. As I surveyed the trail, horrible thoughts of racers who had seriously hurt themselves on this trail entered my head, but with pressure I dispensed with them. At this instant something caught my attention. Looking at the run I saw a fork in the trail, but not being able to see where it continued or came out at the base of the mountain, I quickly forgot about it.

Taking the tow up the hill I managed to reach the top of the downhill in time to tighten my boots and skis. The five minutes that remained were spent keeping warm. As I was about to "scratch" from nervousness there came a voice over the microphone — "Number one ready on the line." My knees then began to vibrate, and my heart was pumping as it never had before. The thought of falling or coming in contact with a tree might account for my reactions. In the background of all this thinking I could hear the voice over the speaker say, "Five seconds, Ready, Go!" Somehow I had found enough strength to push off. Down the first "schuss" I went at breakneck speed, around a turn, into a gulley, and through a few "S" turns. The wind brushed past my face, and I knew I was travelling too fast. A bump that I went over threw me off balance and at this moment the fork in the trail came into view. Not being able to make the next turn, I realized my only chance of surviving was to take the fork on the trail. Before I had time to change my mind, I found myself about to take off from a ski jump.

Clear through the air I flew. Over trees and rocks. In the distance I could distinguish faces of the spectators, and still further, the houses of the village protruded. I pictured myself in a short time hanging from trees, but all of a sudden I heard a bell, and then a thump! The alarm clock went off and I had fallen on the floor.

CARLYN KRUGER, *Upper V.*

THAT'S THE WORLD TO SEE

Lovely rolling country wide,
Grass as green can be,
Trees that grow to be so old,
That's the world for me.

Little ponds and swamps so blue,
Reeds that grow so tall,
Standing stately by the shore,
Bowing one and all.

Ducks that swim the surface,
Of the ponds so blue,
Lily pads that float along,
Frogs are singing too.

In the woods, the flowers
Bloom their brightest yet,
'Mong the grass and leaves so thick,
We find the violet.

Have you seen the orchards?
With apples — oh! so red.
With pears, and plums, and peaches,
High above your head.

If only you could go there,
I'm sure you would agree,
Rolling country, ponds and swamps,
That's the world to see.

VERONICA BUTLER, *Lower IV.*

NOVEMBER 17th, 2038 A.D.

In point of fact I am rather weary, reporters can be so tiresome. One of their species from the daily paper paid me a visit this morning; he wanted to know how it felt to be one hundred years old and asked if he could have a few words with me to hear my views on life, past and present. There was, however, something I said this morning which has been troubling me since he left. I don't understand why I said that my school days were the happiest days of my life. While it was probably a very proper thing for an elderly lady to say to a young man, I am not at all sure that the statement was thoroughly accurate. In fact now that I think back over the years, certain disturbing incidents come to my mind.

It seems so long ago but I can still remember waiting for the streetcar at eight o'clock on mornings when a raging blizzard was torturing all unfortunates standing patiently at the stop in sub-zero weather. I have never, to this day, understood why I didn't write a highly insulting letter to the Montreal Tramway Company asking for an explanation which could solve the mystery of the absent streetcar. Oh dear, school certainly was full of trials and tribulations! Those horrible rules about not talking after certain bells had rung did not help to make life over-enjoyable, any more than did the strenuous climb up to the top floor after prayers. The long classes which followed prayers seemed interminable. Oh, school days were definitely not something to cherish.

The homework given us was, without a doubt, out of all proportion. I can still recall how, at the end of a long hard day of school, my hopes of finding relaxation in an uneducational book were quickly dispelled by the pile of text books and notes that sat before me, menacingly demanding to be studied.

With school came bad marks and those unbearable returns, which, when obtained, would force the recipient to spend the major part of her Friday afternoons studying the lesson which she had previously neglected.

And to think that the kind old ladies I met some twenty years ago at the *Study Girls'* re-union were once my classmates. One of them made very a touching speech in memory of our teachers, may they rest in peace.

Nevertheless, taking all points carefully into consideration, it might be more honest to let the reporter know that my views on school days being the happiest days of my life, are slightly altered.

SYLVIA RANDALL, Middle V.

March 13, 1953.

WHAT I WISH

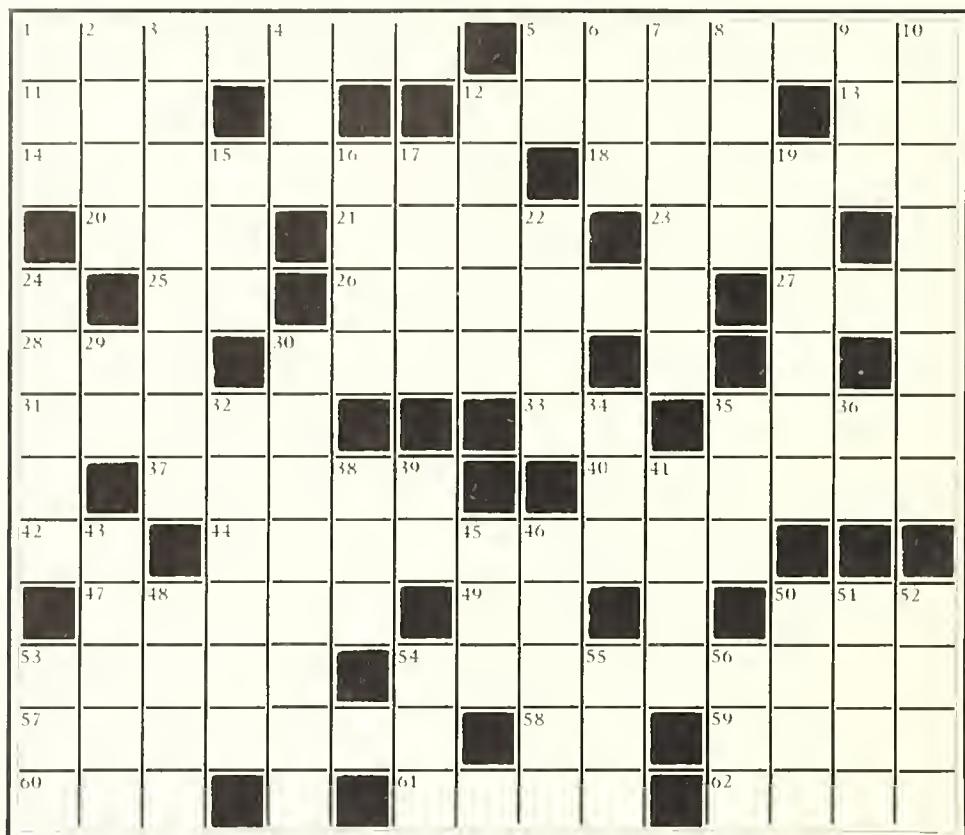
I wish I was a little bird,
A-singing in the sky.
And singing there so sweetly heard,
As round-about I fly.

I would eat worms, that sort of stuff,
And sitting on a twig,
I'd eat so well and not be rough,
I might then eat a fig.

I'd cock my shining eye and say,
Get out of bed young fellow,
It's the beginning of a day,
The sun is shining yellow!

SALLY PORTEOUS, Lower III, Age 10.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

50. A colour.
53. A card game.
54. Makes content.
57. Replace.
58. Preposition.
59. A terrible Russian.
60. Refuse, leavings.
61. Grasped.
62. To have courage to do something.

DOWN

1. Insect (hymenoptera).
2. At the end.
3. Holding correct views.
4. There's one at Shipshaw.
5. Oil Company.
6. His last name is Khan.
7. Is happy unclothed.
8. Antlered animal.
9. A measure.
10. Demolishes.
12. Rhyme or poem.
15. Irish for John.
16. Birds.
17. Trial.
19. North Polar region.
22. Unit of measure.
24. A female.
29. Act.
30. Mined in Eastern Townships.
32. Loathe.
34. Biblical name.
35. Poetic for 'it is'.
36. North America (abbr.).
38. Before (poetry).
39. Caledonian Railway (abbr.).
41. Finishes.
43. Different from.
45. Collection of memorable sayings.
46. Spanish terrace.
48. Used to call attention.
50. Prima Donna.
51. Twelve months.
52. Town on the Nile.
53. Women's Relief Organization (abbr.).
54. Put.
55. Writing.
56. Small wedge-shaped piece.

NESTS

Each little bird is in its nest,
So everyone is gay,
Soon they'll all be inviting guests,
As it is nearly May.

ANNA MITTELHOLZER,
Lower III, Age 9.



MOTHER'S COMPLAINT

Please remember, don't forget,
You haven't finished your homework yet.
Stop that scribbling on the blotter,
Get your homework finished daughter.
Pick your things up off the floor,
Shut your window and open your door.
You may take the dog out for a run
As soon as you get your homework done.

ELSPETH McGREEVY,
Lower IV, Age 11.

ACROSS

1. Bumstead's wife.
5. Interchanged.
11. Organ of hearing.
12. Worth.
13. French definite article.
14. Approximate judgment.
18. Perfect conception.
20. Is short for though.
21. Truly such.
23. International Road Regulations (abbr.).
25. Upon.
26. Compositions.
27. Vehicle.
28. Unusual.
30. Annual flower.
31. Frames of mind.
33. Used after a negation (Fr.).
35. Wee.
37. Mediterranean vessel.
40. German cameras.
42. Negative.
44. Tortoises.
47. Plural of this.
49. North Africa (abbr.).

FACES

As I was thinking over the possibilities of developing an essay on faces, it occurred to me that almost everything on the earth has a face. As I glance about me, my eyes meet many different kinds of faces. There is the face on my clock, the face of my dog and, as I look out of the window, I see the face of the mountain around which this city is built. The sky has a face, and so has the sea, and so too has the moon. But, perhaps the most fascinating faces of all are the faces of people. There are happy faces and sad faces, lively faces and tired faces, kind faces and cruel faces, understanding faces and hard faces, black faces and white faces. There are the faces of friends and the faces of strangers. These faces are everywhere. You pass them on the street and meet new ones around every corner. You see them all day long and you dream of them at night.

A person's face tells you many things about him. For instance, when you see someone for the first time you immediately know his or her sex, approximate age, and the race to which he belongs. Some people claim to have the ability to tell a person's traits from his face. I am not sure that I entirely agree with this theory, but there are certain things that I always look for when I see a face for the first time. I am immediately suspicious of people who do not look you straight in the eye when they greet you. These people are inclined to be unstable. People who have such nervous habits as biting their lip or twitching their noses are often insecure. People with firmly set jaws are determined and stubborn. People with sparkling eyes and a quizzical smile are generally humourous: and so it goes.

It is often difficult to distinguish between the types of people in a race other than your own. I shall always remember the amusing story about Wellington Koo, the Chinese ambassador to Washington, who once got off the elevator of his hotel at the wrong floor. He went to the door of what he supposed to be his room, and was greeted by a frantic young woman who exclaimed when she saw him: "Oh, thank heavens you're here! I've been waiting for five days," and with that she thrust a bag of dirty laundry into his arms. Dr. Koo, who was a diplomat, and had an unfailing sense of humour, took the laundry downstairs and handed it over to the proper authorities. How anyone could mistake a mandarin with an Oxford accent for a Chinese laundry-man, I shall never know, but apparently it has been done! Another time, when Wellington Koo was at a dinner party, shortly after he had come to America, he was asked if he noticed anything special about our faces. "Yes," he said, "I have — your eyes are queerly set." Of course, this was a joke, but I think it is very true that most people consider their faces to be normal and those of other races to be queer. Certainly most Westerners think most Chinese have queerly set eyes.

And so you see, faces are endlessly fascinating. They may not always be our fortunes, but generally they are our passports.

JUDITH DOBELL, Sixth Form.

ROLL CALL

UPPER SCHOOL

Mu Gamma

Mary McEachran, Head
 Elizabeth Vale, Sub-Head
 and Games Captain
 Freddie Archer
 Ann Ballantyne
 Susan Blaylock
 Linda Coristine
 Diana Covert
 Marcia Crombie
 Gail Daley
 Judy Darling
 Mary Darling
 Judith Dobell
 Lynn Evans
 Gretchen Gilbert
 Elizabeth Hague
 Beverley Hastings
 Cynthia Hutchins
 Diana Johnson
 Carlyn Kruger
 Connie L'Anglais
 Marguerite L'Anglais
 Sally Meakins
 Rachel Moorhouse
 Elspeth McGreevy
 Judith McGreevy
 Dorothy McIntosh
 Judy Northey
 Monica Opitz
 Sally Parsons
 Patricia Scott
 Wendy Stevenson
 Virginia Stikeman
 Sandra Wallis
 Dennie Watson-Watt

Kappa Rho

Ann Powell, Head
 Anne Hayes, Sub-Head
 Mary Van Alstyne,
 Games Captain
 Barbara Beggs
 Elsilyn Berrill
 Wendy Black
 Joyce Blond
 Barbara Brown
 Veronica Butler
 Adie Cassils
 Angela Cassils
 Jane Cushing
 Susan Cushing
 Gabrielle deKuyper
 Joan Francis
 Gail Gnaedinger
 Betty Gray
 Lesley Gray
 Anna Guthrie
 Anne Hale
 Dorothy Johnson
 Janet Martin
 Abigail MacInnes
 Electa McMaster
 Martha McMaster
 Sally Porteous
 Sylvia Randall
 Kate Reed
 Deirdre Smart
 Sonia Stairs
 Susan Starkey
 Lilian Stein
 Barbara Taylor
 Sara Thornton
 Wendy Whitehead

Delta Beta

Faith Heward, Head
 Cynthia Bard, Sub-Head
 and Games Captain
 Wilsie Baxter
 Sally Braden
 Judy Case
 Nina de Bury
 Lynn Geddes
 Terry Geddes
 Joan Haley
 Audrey Hamilton
 Diana Hamilton
 Diana King
 Judy Lennon
 Jacqueline Lotey
 Virginia Mathias
 Lynda Mellings
 Anna Mittelholzer
 Janet Montgomery
 Jane Morsch
 Joan McKnight
 Dione Newman
 Tony Newman
 Anne Nicholson
 Anne Pitcher
 Linda Redpath
 Phoebe Redpath
 Angela Richardson
 Martha Richardson
 Judy Robb
 Margaret Robertson
 Nora Walters
 Daphne Wright
 Diana Wright

Beta Lambda

Judy Kirkpatrick, Head
 Joyce Kirkpatrick,
 Sub-Head
 Prudence Reilley,
 Games Captain
 Ann Adair
 Anne Bruce
 Sherrill Christmas
 Chella Cleveland
 Jean Cundill
 Pilar de Picabia
 Marilyn Dillon
 Caroline Doyle
 Diana Fairman
 Julian Fancott
 Jill Jenkins
 Priscilla Kuhner
 Mary Louson
 Lucinda Lyman
 Marilyn Maughan
 Susanne Meagher
 Jane MacFarlane
 Diana MacKay
 Gail McEachern
 Joyce McEwen
 Heather McIntosh
 Gail Palmer
 Lynne Parish
 Susan Patterson
 Ann Peacock
 Mikely Quedrue
 Myra Riddell
 Janet Savage
 Patricia Southam
 Hilary Thomas
 Wendy Tidmarsh
 Jennifer Trower

UPPER A

Ann Barclay
 Jean Collison
 Linda Frosst
 Janet Gardiner
 Sandra Herron

LOWER SCHOOL

Erica Lerway
 Dorothy Libby
 Sandra Mitchell
 Susan McArthur

Marcia Paterson
 Penny Riley
 Beverly Shepherd
 Nancy Windsor

LOWER A

Jill Angus
 Susan Banta
 Martha Cassils
 Suzanne Desternes
 Sally Farrell

Jean Finnie
 Kathie Fisher
 Clare Hoare
 Joan Johnson
 Karen Keator

Martha Meagher
 Diane Reid
 Carolyn Strauss
 Joanie Thornton

UPPER B

Susan Baxter
 Dibby Fieldhouse
 Pippa Halliwell
 Gillian Hill

Susan Lerew
 Claire Marshall
 Sandra Meakins
 Sasa Moravec
 Mary MacKay

Heather Shepherd
 Diana Stephens
 Martha Trower

LOWER B

Judy Bonnar
 Anne de Martigny
 Penny Dolman
 Penne Marlene Feifer
 Sarah Halliwell

Caroline Henwood
 Jane Horner
 Anne L'Anglais
 Gay Lerew
 Margaret Martin

Caro Ogilvie
 Judy Parish
 Ann Ritchie
 Judith Stewart
 Susan Tanner

Lower School

OUR QUEEN

She sits upon her throne so grand
And wisely rules o'er all the land,
And when in June our voices blend,
God save our gracious Queen. Amen.

SANDRA HERRON, *Upper A*, Age 8.

IN THE COUNTRY

This summer when I learned how to swim, my Daddy gave me a doll to colour. I swam slowly in the lake.

JANE HORNER,
Lower B, Age 6.

THE POODLE

There once was a little grey poodle
Who loved to eat cold chicken noodle,
His name I don't know
But I do love him so
I think I would just call him Doodle.

JOAN JOHNSON,
Lower A, Age 8.

THE PONY AND THE GIRL

Once there was a pony and a girl. The girl had a ride and the girl had a good ride. Then they bumped into a tree and fell down and hurt themselves and cried. Then they went home and their mother said, "What are you crying for, pets?" "Because we fell and hurt ourselves and bumped into a tree. And now we want some supper, please." And then they went to bed and then they ate their food. And then they went to sleep.

MARY MACKAY, *Upper B*, Age 6.

WINTER

Little girls are skating
On the chilly ice,
Silver skates are flying,
Oh, it is so nice.

On the snowy mountain
Close to the warm sun,
Boys and girls are skiing,
Oh, they're having fun.

SUZANNE DESTERNES, *Lower A*, Age 8.

THE FAIRY

Someone was a-creeping
On my window-pane at nine.
I thought it was a fairy,
For I could see her shine!

I could see her plainly,
For she was on my bed.
I could see her halo
Round her pretty head!

MARTHA MEAGHER, *Lower A*, Age 8.

LITTLE MAID OF JAPAN

Little maid of far Japan,
Living on my pretty fan,
Do you like this other place,
Living with this foreign race?

Little maid of far Japan,
Riding in your small sampan,
Would you like to live with me,
Or go back to your country?

LINDA FROST,
Upper A, Age 9.

MY DOLL

I had a dear little doll called Mary -
and she is the prettiest doll in the
world. I lost my dear little doll as I
played in the park one day. I cried for
my doll for a long time.

JUDITH PARISH,
Lower B, Age 6.

THE INSECT

One day in the winter I found a little
insect. Daddy said that he slept all
through the winter. I said I had found
him on my bedroom floor. That night I
put him on an empty garden pot with
earth in. In the morning, I found him
where I put him. It was a nice day so I
let him fly away.

GILLIAN HILL,
Upper B, Age 7.

AUTUMN SEASON

The corn is drying in the sun,
Folks are at home for work is done,
The sun is rising in the sky,
And I can hear the eagle cry.
It is so hot, a day of heat,
And I can hear the hot lambs bleat,
The king of the seasons is in the air;
The trees are growing very bare.
And then the whirling snowflakes fall:
I cannot see the ground at all.

ERICA LERWAY, *Upper A, Age 9.*

THE VIENNA CHOIR BOYS

Saturday night was a very exciting night for me because Mummy took me to hear the Vienna Choir Boys at Plateau Hall.

It was a rainy, slippery night, and Mummy and I had a dreadful time to get a taxi.

Finally we reached Plateau Hall, and we bought a book about the Vienna Choir Boys, and Mummy and I took turns reading it.

The boys sang beautifully, but all in German.

Then they did a very funny operetta about the Caliph's goose. We laughed and laughed. Some of the boys were dressed as girls.

It was a glorious evening. We were not home until 12 o'clock, and I dreamed about them all night long.

KAREN KEATOR, *Lower A, Age 8.*

ANSWER TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE (p. 38)



SCHOOL CHARITIES

The biggest money-raising event of the year is the bazaar, held this year on the 21st of October. This was the eleventh annual sale, and we netted the magnificent total of \$1339—\$1000 more than was made at the first bazaar. After visiting several charitable organizations, we decided to divide the proceeds of the sale between the Children's Memorial and the Alexandra Hospitals. To the former, we have equipment for cardiovascular surgery, used in operations on "blue" babies, and three oxygen tents, while to the Alexandra went special foam rubber mattresses and a rubber tiled floor for a sun porch. The Alexandra has become a favourite school charity because children must remain in there often for as long as two years while undergoing treatment for tuberculosis and tubercular meningitis.

On the last few days of the Christmas Term, girls are seen arriving at school carrying bundles of old clothes and quantities of food. All this activity is because of the "baskets" which we send to poor families at Christmas time. Each form has one or two families to whom it sends a Christmas dinner, a small supply of food and gifts, usually clothes, for each member of the household.

Our weekly collection goes partly to the Red Cross and partly to maintain The Study Cot at the Children's Memorial Hospital. This cot is in memory of Patricia Drummond, who died of scarlet fever while a pupil at the school.

SCHOOL CALENDAR

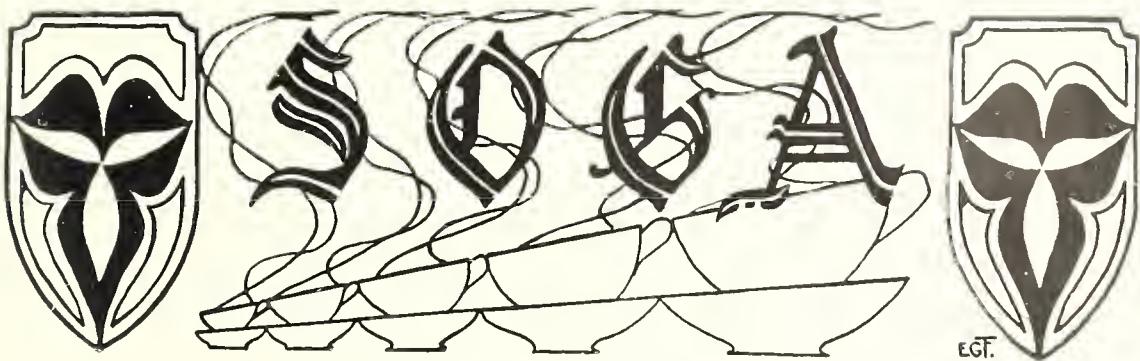
September 10	School opened.	March 2 Sixth Form Party for Upper and Middle Schools.
October 13	Thanksgiving.	March 25 Lower Fourth and Upper Fourth Form Plays.
October 14	Tennis Meet.	March 30 Demonstration of Drill and Dancing.
October 21	School Sale.	April 1 Close for Easter Holidays.
October 31	Sixth Form Hallowe'en Party for Lower School.	April 14 School re-opened.
December 16	Lower School Plays.	May 18 Queen's Birthday.
December 17, 18	Christmas Carols.	May 20 Sports Day.
December 19	Close for Christmas Holidays.	May 27 Spring Concert.
December 21	Singing of Carols at Erskine and American United Church.	June 1 Swimming Meet.
January 7	School re-opened.	June 4 Lower Fourth and Third Form Plays.
January 27	Lower Fifth and Sixth Form Plays.	June 5 Lower School Open Morning.
February 11	Parents' Evening.	June 10 Church Service.
February 16	Half Term Holiday.	June 11 Last day of school.



WHITE

White is lovely, pure and calm,
 A shield of virtue against harm:
 The snow that sparkled on the ground
 Blessing everything around;
 The balls of dainty snowdrops;
 The moon above the tree tops;
 A silver sandy shore;
 An apple white to the core;
 White roses; narcissi;
 The white cabbage butterfly;
 White clouds in the blue;
 White doves that softly coo;
 There are so many lovely things
 Like creamy clay and feathered wings,
 No colour is as pure,
 As lovely, light,
 As white.

BARBARA BROWN, *Upper V.*



E.G.F.

The Study Old Girls Association

EXECUTIVE:

- | | |
|------------------------|---|
| <i>President:</i> | AUDREY BOVEY, 25 Bellevue, Westmount. |
| <i>Vice-President:</i> | MRS. CURZON DOBELL, 1114 Elgin Terrace, Montreal. |
| <i>Secretary:</i> | MRS. JOANNA FARRELL, 4080 Highland, Montreal. |
| <i>Treasurer:</i> | KATHERINE MASON, 4100 Cote des Neiges, Montreal. |

COMMITTEE:

- | |
|---|
| MRS. PETER KERRIGAN, 38 Anwoth Road, Westmount. |
| MRS. J. C. CUSHING, 610 Clarke Avenue, Westmount. |
| MRS. HUGH STARKEY, 465 Cote Ste. Antoine Road, Westmount. |
| JOAN EVANS, 4078 Gage Road, Montreal. |

OLD GIRLS' NEWS

This year we are particularly proud of five old girls — Eleanor Sweezey, Dorothy Osborne, Diana Grier Budden, Margaret Peck, and Barbara Whitley.

Eleanor Sweezey is "tops" in her field of endeavour, as she is consultant to the Department of Veterans' Affairs for medical art and photography throughout Canada.

Dr. Dorothy Osborne has left UNESCO and has recently been appointed assistant to the Head of Social Affairs at the United Nations in New York.

Diana Grier Budden is doing one of the most interesting jobs in town; she is chairman of a project entitled "Arts in Our Town" which is being jointly sponsored by the French and English Junior Leagues to catalogue the cultural resources of Montreal.

Margaret Peck is Assistant Professor of Social Service in the "Section de Service Social, Université de Montréal."

Barbara Whitley had a fifteen minute program on the CBC Wednesday Matinee, a Trans-Canada feature, all winter and also made three broadcasts on the Overseas network. She is on the Montreal General Hospital Women's Auxiliary, and the Boards of the Cerebral Palsy Association and the Montreal Junior League, but is now having a well-earned rest on a trip to England.

Our architect, Janet Shaw, has been all around the world in six weeks with stops in London, Singapore, Australia, New Zealand, and Honolulu. She says her greatest thrill was flying by *Comet*, the new jet airliner from London to Singapore. While in the latter place she attended her sister Joan's wedding. Joan is working with the British War Office.

Mary Robertson is working at the Canadian Embassy in The Hague in Holland.

Charlotte Stairs Starkey is taking a major part in Quebec Guiding; she is Commissioner for Lone Guides in the province, and has just been elected Provincial Treasurer.

Miriam Tees is also a very busy guide as she is a Blue Diploma Trainer, training guiders in Montreal and in the province, and as well she has a cadet company which trains guides to be guiders.

Sheila Young Keator is opening a camp called Cloud's Hill for girls from six to sixteen years old. The camp is located seventeen miles north of Ste. Agathe.

Belle MacLean is working in The Waterloo House, a small hotel in Bermuda.

OLD GIRLS' PICTURES



Back Row (L. to R.): Mrs. S. A. Cobbett, Mrs. C. F. Coristine, Mrs. D. A. MacInnes, Mrs. J. F. Stairs, Mrs. H. J. R. Newman, Mrs. J. F. Porteous, Mrs. I. S. Cassils, Mrs. A. Geddes, Mrs. S. J. Martin, Mrs. G. Reed, Mrs. J. M. Savage, Mrs. J. C. Cushing, Mrs. J. P. Cundill.

Centre Row (L. to R.) Sonia Stairs, Aide Cassils, Janet Savage, Lynn Geddes, Angela Cassils, Susan Cushing, Jane Cushing.

Front Row (L. to R.): Sally Porteous, Sally Meakins, Abigail MacInnes, Janet Martin, Tony Newman, Terry Geddes, Linda Coristine, Katie Reed, Dione Newman, Jean Cundill.



Back Row (L. to R.): Mrs. B. I. McGreevy, Mrs. Curzon Dobell, Mrs. F. G. Johnson, Mrs. M. H. Cassils, Mrs. Joanna Farrell, Mrs. A. S. Keator, Mrs. R. B. Thornton, Mrs. R. deW. MacKay, Mrs. J. W. Jenkins.

Centre Row (L. to R.): Diana Johnson, Judith McGreevy, Judith Dobell, Elspeth McGreevy, Jill Jenkins, Diana MacKay.

Front Row (L. to R.): Joanie Thornton, Sandra Meakins, Martha Cassils, Karen Keator, Margaret Martin, Joan Johnson, Sally Farrell, Mary McKay.

Absent - Mrs. H. Starkey and Susan, Mrs. W. Whitehead and Wendy, and Mrs. J. F. Meakins.

In Bermuda you'll also find Nancy Todd Fowle who now calls the island "home," and Jennifer Porteous who is nursing in the hospital.

Audrey MacDermot is doing interior decorating with Lamartines.

Joan Moffat is teaching at Roslyn School.

Insurance companies harbour Pat Carson Claxton, Janet Gilmour Bourne, Frances Currie, Martha Fisher and June Marler (in Toronto).

Anne Williamson Marcuse is a very successful model and combines her career with bringing up her new daughter, Jane.

Martha Morgan McKenna has been extremely active this winter organizing and helping with the ski meets in the Laurentians.

Barbara MacLean and Mary Lee Putnam are working in the Children's Memorial Hospital, the first in Haemotology, and the latter is Cardiology.

Marigold Savage is working at the Royal Victoria Hospital in the Biochemistry lab.

Sylvia Ponder is a physiotherapist at the Queen Mary Veterans' Hospital and Sally Matthews is working as a dental assistant.

Joan Evans and Susan Marler started training in February at the Montreal General, while Gayle Calder is in training at the Royal Victoria Hospital.

In the Montreal Junior League there are many Study Old Girls doing useful volunteer work in the community, and at the top you will find Betty Kemp Maxwell who is president, and the executive also includes Diana Grier Budden and Mary Fowler.

Claire Fisher Kerrigan is on the Board of the Montreal Day Nursery, one of the Red Feather Agencies.

Some of our members are spread around the world:—

Evelyn Capon Breeden is in San Francisco; Lorna Brown Peck in Lima, Peru; Joan Stanger Lewis in Boston; Barbara Tidmarsh Weyman in Tucson, Arizona; Barbara Hawkes Kregel, Peggy Davis Porter and Priscilla Lobley Evans all call Halifax home; Ruth Noble Skelton has been in Geneva for two years where her husband is studying with the Aluminum Company; and Barbara Jellet Gardner, whose husband is another Aluminum man, is still in England.

And finally our students: —

Estelle Holland is studying journalism at Columbia University, New York.

Jane McCarthy is studying for her M.A. at Cambridge.

Elizabeth Burgess is at Radcliffe and Sandra Ogilvie and Jill McConnell are also at college in the United States.

Jeanne Burgess is studying at the Mother House and is planning to go to England in the near future while Tish Dawes is also taking a business course.

We had a very good record amongst McGill graduates last year as the following list indicates.

Sylvia Ponder — Diploma in Physiotherapy.

Elizabeth Burgess — B.A. — 1st Class Honours in French and the Henry Chapman prize in Modern Languages.

Cynthia Plant Foyer — B.A.

Jane McCarthy — B.A. 1st Class Honours in Geography.

Jane Ramsay — B.A. 1st Class Honours in Philosophy and 2nd Class Honours in English.

Ann Bushell — B.Sc.

Martha Fisher — B.Sc.

Patsy MacDermot — B.Sc. Distinction in the General Course.

Marigold Savage — B.Sc.

At McGill this year are Mary Fisher Miller in 4th year Medicine and Kay Mason in 2nd year Law. In undergraduate courses are Mary Ann Currie who is Vice-President of the Women's Union, Beverley Mellen, who has been on the ski team for the last two years, Diana Gaherty, Efa Heward, Zoe Southam, Gerda Thomas, Virginia Govier, Maria Cerny, Mary Horne, Prudence Lobley, Joan Kimber, and Sheila White. Judy Thomas is there too, planning to go into physiotherapy, while Joan Cumine is out at Macdonald College learning to be a teacher.

ENGAGEMENTS:

Diana Mather to John Hancock.
Patsy MacDermot to Bob Munroe.
Hilda Thornhill to Harold Tabbut.
Betty MacLean to John Holden.
Pat Carlisle to Ernest Henderson.
Rosina McCarthy to Jacobus Fontein.

MARRIAGES:

Nancy Montefiore to Harry Erdrich.
Shirley McCall to Richard Stikeman.
Catherine Ann Notman to John Fetherstonhaugh.
Sheila Bell Mappin to Gerard Arthur.
Ann Pangman to Tyler Spafford.
Daphne Pangman to Ian Buchannan.
Margaret Little to Robert Everson.
Joan Shaw to Patrick Kent.
Jane Ramsay to Denis Giblin.
Meriel MacLean to Baron Philippe de Poisson.
Lorna Brown to John Forbes Petch.
Katherine Paterson to Fred Chafe.
Katherine Mackenzie to Philip Mackenzie.
Barbara Wales to Bob Meadowcroft.
Francis Morris to Robert Sabler.
Nonie Cronyn to Dr. John Wilson.
Deirdre Methven to John Whitfield.

BIRTHS:

Margery Hutchison Stewart — daughter.
Nancy Todd Fowle — son.
Peggy Durnford Tuecot — daughter.
Eleanor Lindsay Jarrett — daughter.
Francine Cole Ryan — daughter.
Joan Gilmour Carling — daughter.
Anne Williamson Marcus — daughter.
Irene Irwin Johnston — daughter.
Elizabeth Hopkins Johnson — daughter.
Dorothy Downes Wickham — son.
Pat Brophy Prendergrast — daughter.
Ann Hodgson Towley — daughter.
Enid Montgomery MacFarlane — daughter.
Joan Notman MacDougall — son.
Adrienne Brown Gilmour — son.

